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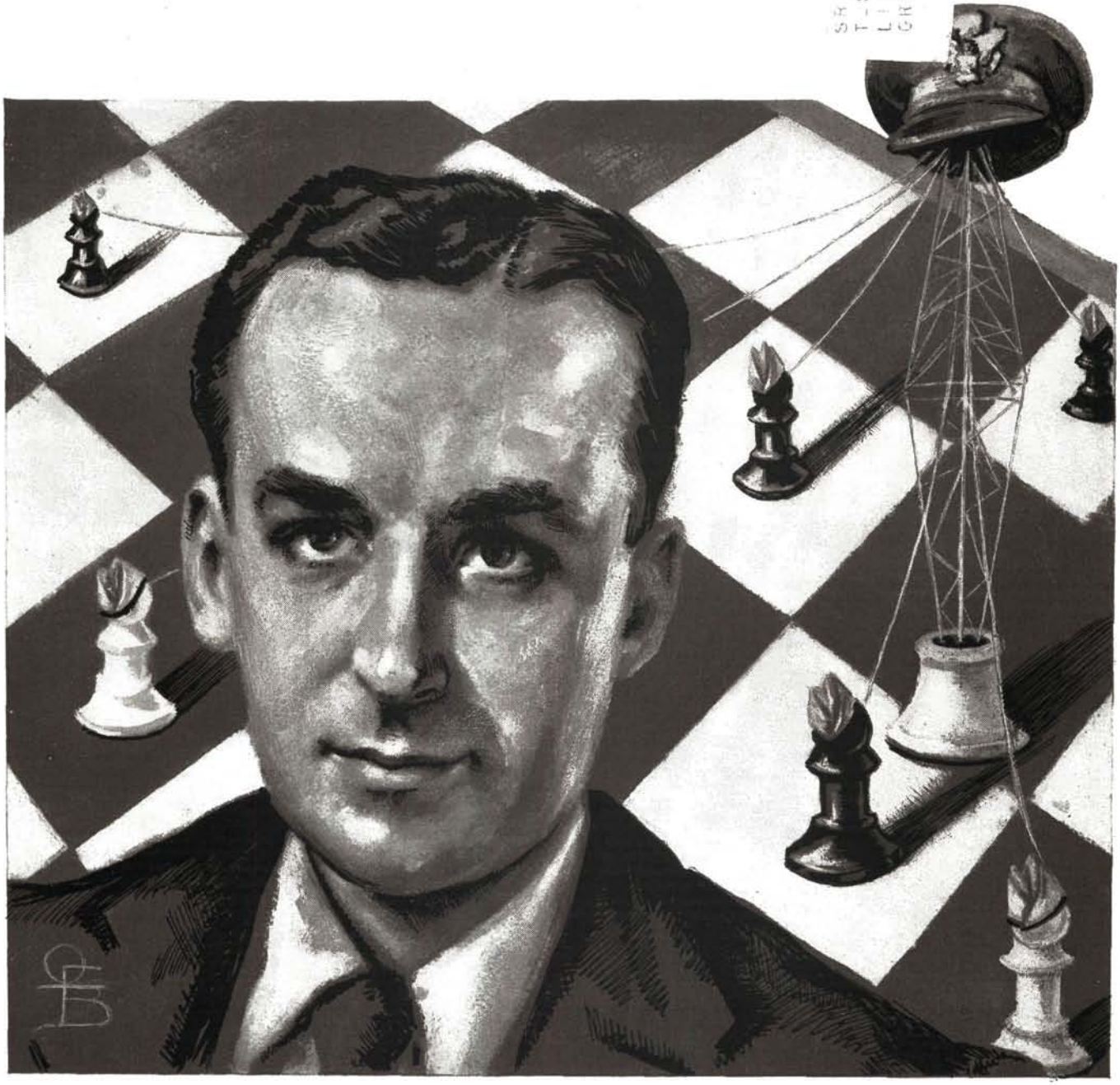

Ned Calmer, author of "The Strange Land." (See page 15)

New By-lines to Make-Believe

By HARRISON SMITH

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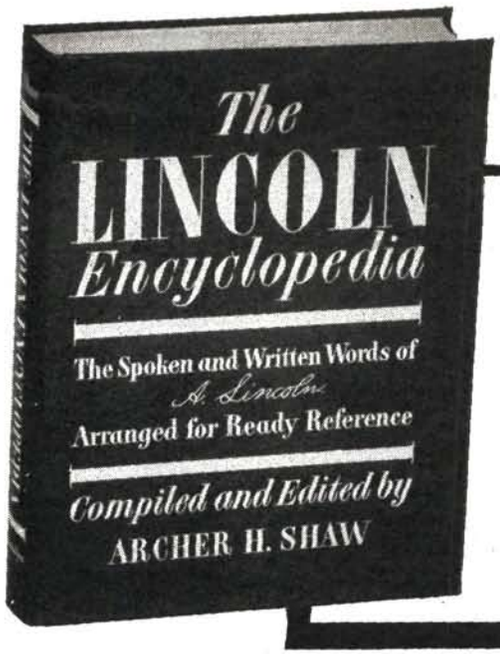

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February 11, 1950

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Beginning with the January, 1950 issue, the reorganized Shakespeare Association of America will issue its publication in larger format and under the new name, *The Shakespeare Quarterly*. The Quarterly will be sent to all members of the Association. Its aim is to foster primarily four interests:

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2 Shakespeare in scholarship
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TRADE Winds

"THE THIRD S"

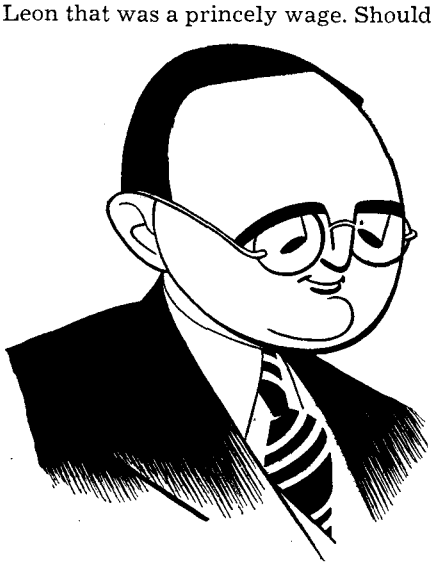
PROBABLY no publishing house in America is so well known to the general public as Simon & Schuster. Imaginative, bustling, high-powered, this comparatively young firm has achieved financial success out of all proportion to its competition, shrewdly sensing what the public wants, then trebling the sale of its best sellers through brilliant advertising and promotion.

It is paradoxical that one of Simon & Schuster's greatest assets should be its least publicized. The "asset" wants it that way. He is Leon Shimkin, who began his career there as a twenty-five-dollar-a-week bookkeeper and reached the point where he owned something like 30 per cent of the stock. Until he was named president of Pocket Books early in 1950 (with Bob de Graff upped to chairman of the board) few outsiders had heard of Leon Shimkin, but people in the book business long had known that after Max Schuster and Dick Simon gave him, first, his start and, later, the sky as a limit, it was he who unostentatiously kept the wheels turning faster and faster. They call him "The Third S."

Shimkin today is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered executive. A deceptive placidity conceals the feverish activity of his thoughts. Business is life and breath to him. He takes his problems home with him and broods over them half the night. To him a briefcase is as inevitable as "The Star-Spangled Banner" to Lucy Monroe. His diagnosis of a business situation is so exhaustive and acute that the people with whom he negotiates, deceived by his modest manner into underrating his position in the Simon & Schuster hierarchy, almost invariably wind up by offering him executive jobs in their own organizations. His conversation is peppered with rather high-sounding platitudes and pleasantries that you feel he has used often before. He can say "no" so adroitly that the suppliant is sometimes half-way down in the elevator before he realizes he didn't get a single thing he had come for. The entire executive board of Simon & Schuster has an infallible solution for every knotty problem: "You will have to take that up with Mr. Shimkin." Mr. Shimkin loves it.

The Shimkin tree grew in Brooklyn. Leon was branch number six; he began sprouting on April 7, 1907. His first business experience was acquired as a subscription canvasser for *Cosmopolitan* magazine and *Hearst's International* during a summer vacation. He chose Rockaway Beach as a happy hunting ground, concentrating on large groups of ladies who were chewing the fat (and fanning it) on bungalow verandas. Leon explains that (1) he thus eliminated climbing stairs or jamming his feet inside doors that were closing in his face, (2) he had prospects who obviously had no distracting duties on their minds, and (3) he could sell several subscriptions on a single pitch. On the side he kept notes on all the different ways people could say "no." He never forgot one. "Yes, yes, I agree with you in principle" is his favorite.

Armed with the money he had made in the magazine business, a knowledge of shorthand, accounting, and business administration acquired as a freshman at the New York University School of Commerce, and a supreme confidence in himself that never wavered from the start, Shimkin made his debut in the publishing world in the summer of 1924. He landed a job with the cautious Mr. Arthur Pell of Boni & Liveright by demonstrating that he could act simultaneously as bookkeeper, credit manager, stenographer, and switchboard operator. Pell knew a one-man package deal when he saw it. Dick Simon heard of the prodigy and offered him twenty-five dollars a week at the newly established office of S & S on Fifty-seventh Street. To Leon that was a princely wage. Should he accept it or should he go home for his sophomore year at NYU? Being Shimkin, he did both. He completed his college course at night adhering strictly to a sixty-six-hour week. Since then he has stepped up that pace considerably. I mentioned the case of Shimkin to an official of the Book Guild who told me "no person can thrive on more than a thirty-hour week." "Shimkin," said the official firmly, "is not a person. He is an anachronism."



—*Sam Norkin.*

Leon Shimkin—"a cross between Babbitt, Houdini, and Count Metternich."

Simon & Schuster prosperity in its first year was predicated almost exclusively on the crossword-puzzle craze. On the side, the boys did a biography of Joe Pulitzer. Asked recently if that wasn't the first S & S book that had won a Pulitzer Prize, Max Schuster replied, "No, but it was the first one that didn't have a pencil." The staff increased to fifty, but when the puzzle mania subsided it shrank back to three. Leon kept his job because he was getting five dollars a week less than any other bookkeeper in the place!

By the time "The Story of Philosophy" and a fascinating, if vaguely incredible, old boy named Trader Horn came along to lift Simon & Schuster out of the doldrums once and for all, the maturing Leon Shimkin had made an important decision. Salesmen, he had discovered, made a great deal more than administrators and inside men. He determined to maneuver himself to the income side instead of the expense side of the ledgers.

THE development of the "subsidiary rights" department was the first step in this direction. Shimkin learned more about second serial rights, motion-picture and radio tie-ups, and foreign markets than all the rest of the staff put together. He sold a Hollywood studio the right to use the mere name "Inner Sanctum Mysteries" for a larger sum than the firm got for a whole book. Simon & Schuster began to be aware that they had a potent hidden asset in their accounting department. In 1936 Shimkin's salad days definitely ended. He persuaded J. K. Lasser, one of the leading income-tax experts of the country, to prepare a one-dollar digest of the increasingly complex tax structure. The book made a fortune, and a new edition every year sells in the hundreds of thousands. Shimkin credits the lines "That's when we got down to brass tax" and "We chose the J. K. Lasser of two evils" to Schuster. Schuster says they are undiluted Shimkinisms. The attitude of both boys is understandable.

Shimkin had now reached that state of affluence when the ordinary citizen starts patronizing first nights and the Stork Club, joins a country club, and takes things in general a little bit

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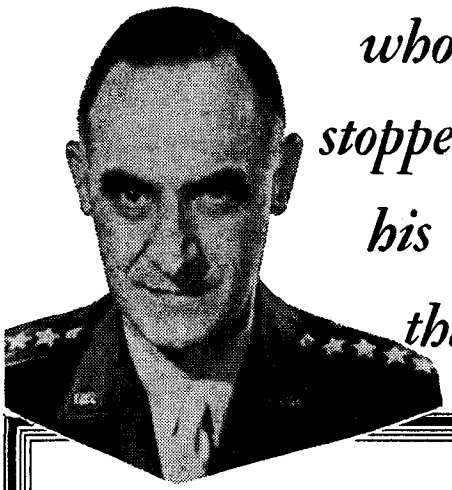
Gen. LUCIUS D. CLAY



whose decision to continue the Berlin airlift stopped the Russians on the verge of war, tells his own complete story of four crucial years that set the course of future world history!

BERLIN, 1948. Two-and-a-half-million people tense in a fear-charged atmosphere as Russia moved to get the Americans, British, and French out of Berlin. Every hour was bringing these nations closer to World War III. In Washington, London, and Paris, secret meetings, confidential reports, and teleconference screens were dominated by one question.

Shall we get out of Berlin?

General Lucius D. Clay, Commander-in-Chief of all U. S. forces in Europe, knew his objective. To create a peaceful, democratic Germany that could stand on its own feet and contribute to the recovery of all Europe without becoming a threat to its neighbors. The general knew, too, there were risks involved, but that they could only be avoided by capitulation to the demands of the Kremlin. Appeasement must not happen again. A stand must be made—in Berlin.

How close was war in 1948?

For two weeks, General Clay awaited Soviet action. He was not sure what course this action would take, but he felt that the possibility of armed aggression could no longer be ruled out. "From Marshal Sokolovsky down," he writes, "there was a new attitude, faintly contemptuous, slightly arrogant and certainly assured." As the situation grew more tense, Washington wanted the American dependents to be moved from Berlin to safety.

"I will not be bluffed!"

Though the War Department feared Russian military action, Clay sensed a bluff. He made his decision to stand firm; prepared however, to take the risk of war. "The American troops will not be bluffed." But when Soviet action came, it was as Clay had suspected, not war, but blockade. And to that the resolute general's answer was—the Berlin airlift. Bringing fuel, food and faith to the German people, it symbolized once and for all America's determination to stand up to the Russians.

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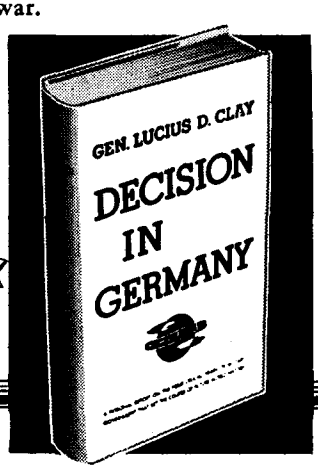

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Decision in Germany

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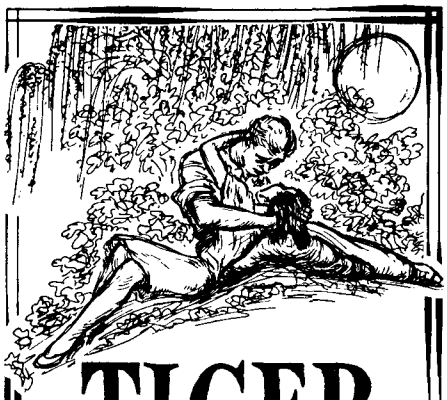
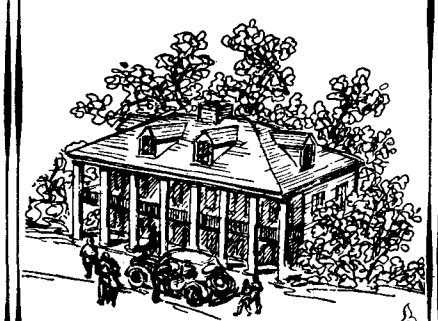


TIGER in the GARDEN

by Speed Lamkin

In this issue devoted to new American writers, we introduce a young novelist, a Louisianan, Speed Lamkin.

***Tiger in the Garden* is the story of a family fortified by age and pride yet quietly desperate. We see it in that deceptive half-light hour when the younger generation begins to show signs of dissolution. The strength of wealth and tradition is slipping away from the Richardsons. The new South of oil fortunes, of Kingfish politics, of the violent inroads of alien industry are distorting forces. Under this pressure the nature of the family changes and that process makes this subtle story.**



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easier. Not Leon. He bought a bigger briefcase. He also signed up for a course in "cultivating human relationships" and developing personality. The man who gave the course was named Dale Carnegie.

Mr. Carnegie's siren song lulled Leon into a state of blissful intoxication. "You ought to write a book for Simon & Schuster," he declared. "I already have written two," said Carnegie sharply. "They turned down both of them." "You couldn't have used the material of this lecture course," averred Shimkin, undaunted. "All you have to write about is how to make friends——." "And influence people," added Carnegie. The two men fell into each other's arms and rushed out for a beaker of buttermilk. History—and Dale Carnegie—were made that night.

There is a startling similarity between the language of Dale Carnegie's book and the way Leon Shimkin talks. One scout insists that there is a very logical explanation for this since Shimkin actually wrote the book. This is hotly denied by all parties concerned. At any rate, he certainly was instrumental in its inception. In its various editions it has sold more than three and a half million copies and put Dale Carnegie in the same bracket with Andrew.

That was in 1937. Shimkin had now become an invaluable member of the S & S varsity. He had a wife and two children, a home in the country, and actually had been persuaded to take up golf. (He is fond of explaining, "I broke 100 the first year, ninety the second, and my back the third.") He still was happiest, however, when he had graphs and business reports spread out before him. Schemes for vast expansion were revolving in his brain.

In 1939 Shimkin set up the business structure whereby Simon & Schuster joined forces with Robert F. de Graff, in starting Pocket Books. Inside five years the value of their investment had multiplied by twenty-five. In 1943 he conceived the plan for the People's Book Club, whereby the Simon & Schuster dynasty became linked with Sears Roebuck. It was Shimkin's notion to employ the highly publicized Gallup Poll to have a hand in the selection of titles for this club. The resultant choices were not exactly revolutionary but the recipients show every sign of high satisfaction. Essandess sold its interest in the People's Book Club in 1946 at what was becoming Shimkin's standard formula — twenty-five times the original investment.

In 1943, too, Shimkin persuaded NYU to sponsor a series of twelve lectures on "The Practice of Book Publishing." As chairman, he whipped up unprecedented interest in the trade and among the general public. The auditorium was packed for every lecture. The audience detected a new assurance in Shimkin's stage presence, a note of unmistakable authority in his nightly introductory remarks. He also clung manfully to his Carnegie-like phrases, such as "I like to think of publishing as a tree with its roots deep in people's desire for knowledge," or (counting off on his fingers) "There are five broad avenues for approaching the general problem of publicity in the book business." Of course, that was before Sixth Avenue had been changed to Avenue of the Americas. One advertising agent confessed that whenever his copy sounded high-falutin, he told himself, "This is over people's heads, Shimkinize it." Another described Leon's personality as a "cross between Babbitt, Houdini, and Count Metternich."

HIS flair for high finance stood him in best stead when Marshall Field stepped into the book-publishing picture in the fall of 1944 and astonished the book world by joining forces with S & S and setting up Field Enterprises, Inc. — a publishing combine which started with Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books and has since acquired the Quarrie Corporation, *Parade*, and "Patterson's Educational Directory." The Field lawyers were deeply impressed with the figures and statistics

Love in Its Seasons

By Jeremy Ingalls

LYING beside me at night and for lack of a word
Making a murmur, a whispering wordless tune . . .

Snow falling all of a night; and a hushing world.

So all who rose next morning took a tone
Like awe, remarking the landscape, how it seemed
By tree-branch glint and new-shaped roof redeemed
And ordered for softer walking and a greeting
Bright with ardor after the crystaling storm.

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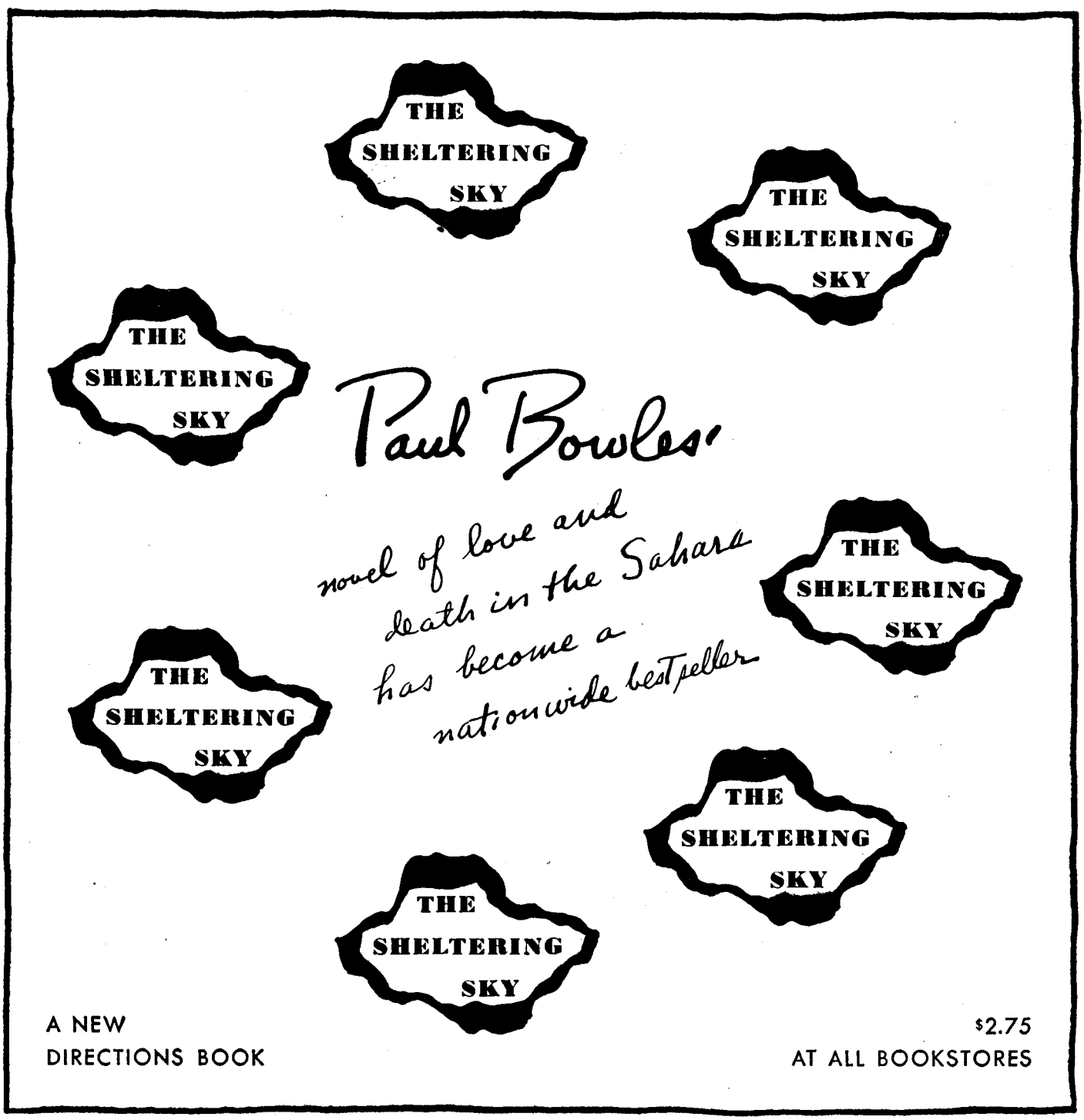
that Shimkin had worked on all summer. Leon almost managed to buy the outstanding reprint house of Grosset & Dunlap and wrap it up in the deal. A group of other publishers, however, decided that this was getting to be too much of a good thing and snatched it away at the twenty-third hour. They like to think of themselves as the United States Marines.

About this time, too, Georges Duplaix bearded the S & S den with a program for inexpensive children's books. Duplaix's idea of "inexpensive" was fifty cents to a dollar and a half. Shimkin's was a flat quarter—the magic price that had made Pocket Books so successful. The Shimkin as usual was mightier and prevailed. The result was little Golden Books, a fabulous success that grossed over four million dollars in 1949 alone. Duplaix today owns villas in France and Palm Beach. Shimkin still commutes happily on the New Haven to his pleasant home in Larchmont.

Today, a typical Shimkin business session is divided on the surface about evenly between Simon & Schuster and their authors on the one hand and Pocket Books on the other. What new dynamic schemes he may be cooking up on the side is a source of deep concern to his competitors. They have learned that Leon Shimkin works while they sleep.

I sat next to Leon at a Pocket Books luncheon recently in the Rainbow Room atop Radio City. There were cocktails, numerous courses, and speeches, and the party showed every sign of continuing deep into the afternoon. Leon said facetiously, "With all those irons you have dangling in the fire, I'm surprised you're content to sit here quietly so long." "Leon," I answered earnestly "as long as you're parked right here beside me, I'm perfectly willing to stay all night."

—Bennett Cerf.



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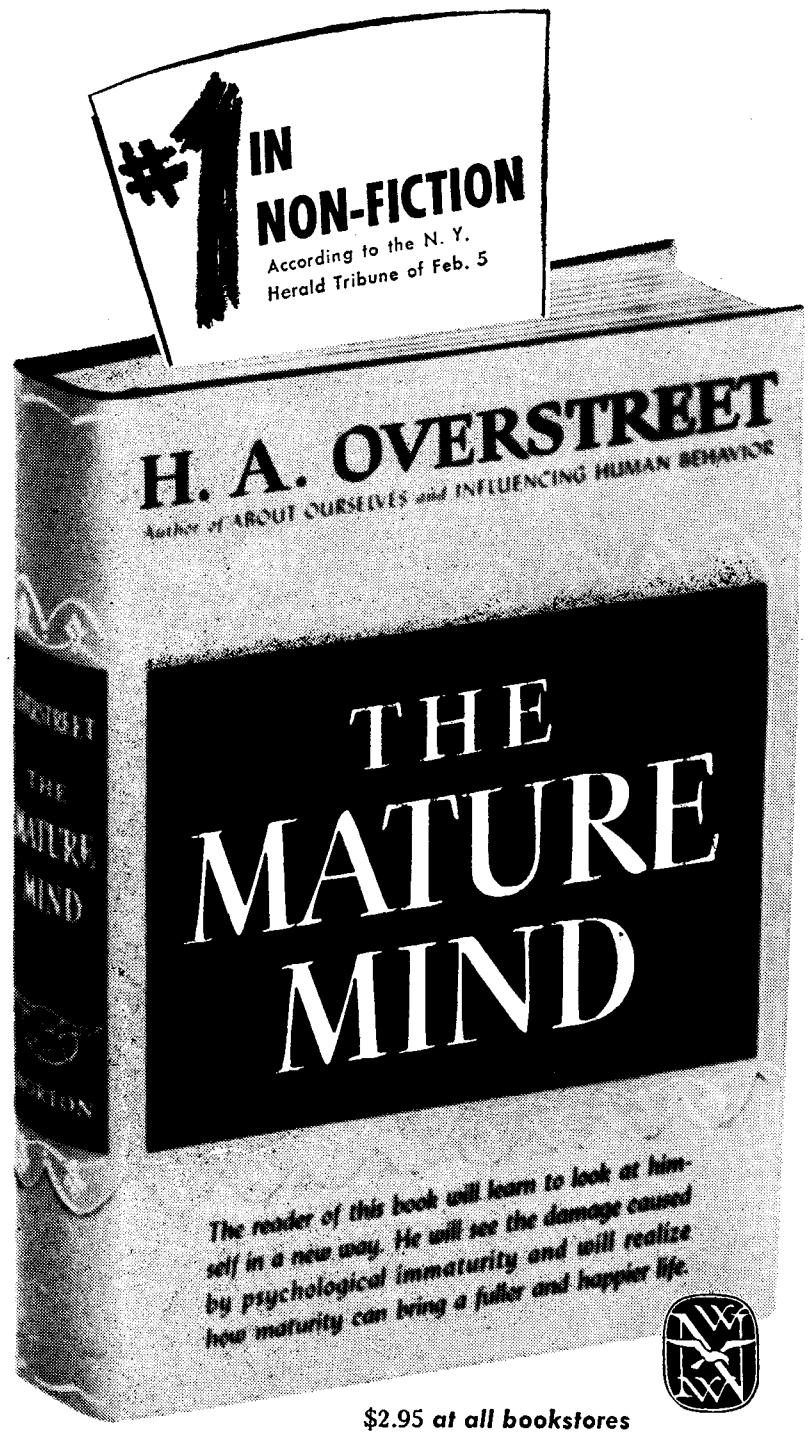
WHY THIS BOOK HAS CONTINUED

a top best seller for 6 straight months – and now is

ON PUBLICATION this calm, courageous, thoroughly American book received universally enthusiastic reviews. Clifton Fadiman, for instance, wrote: "Dr. Overstreet knows how to translate the particular insights of modern psychology into clear, witty and remarkable sentences . . . Many books entertain. Some instruct. This one, we think, really helps." And over on the other side of the country the *Pasadena Star-News* commented: "THE MATURE MIND is the most readable, persuasive presentation of practical psychology to have appeared in years. Dr. Overstreet talks sensibly, clearly, without smugness, on how to recognize immaturities and how to grow out of them."

THEN, ALMOST OVERNIGHT, readers made this book a best seller by their own warm recommendation to friends. Up to now more than half a million people must have read THE MATURE MIND. Judging from their letters they agree with Mr. Fadiman that it does what he thought it did—"*really helps.*" A woman in Cos Cob, Connecticut, writes: "It has given me support, clarity, and inspiration. It is a really great book, a 'whole' book." A man in Grand Rapids, Michigan, says: "A great book . . . My wife and I have read it, re-read it, and underlined many a sentence." And a woman in Ithaca, New York, congratulates the publisher "for a really inspiring and practical treatment of our problem of growing up."

BY WORD OF MOUTH, people all over the United States have made Dr. Overstreet's new book famous. You can't buy publicity of that kind. It springs from deeply-felt gratitude and enthusiasm. Public endorsement of this sort explains why booksellers have sold out eight large printings. A ninth printing is just off press. Paper is on order for a tenth. Sooner or later you—if you value your own independence of thought—will read THE MATURE MIND. Why not see your bookseller today?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New By-lines to Make-Believe

HARRISON SMITH

IT IS AN old *SRL* custom to look over one's shoulder early each February at the fiction by new writers issued by American publishers during the preceding calendar year. The spectacle this year is not an altogether gloomy one: there are a few rays of light piercing the dark clouds in the United States and Great Britain, and for the first time since the beginning of the war a considerable body of the work of European novelists can be studied in translation.

Taking the phrase "new writers" in its broadest sense—as authors with whose work the large body of American readers is unfamiliar—there are thirteen performers who made their debut during 1949 whose novels seem to merit particular attention. Seven of these are Americans, three English, one Italian, and one French. The thirteenth is a Scotland-born South African woman whose nationality causes one to place her beside the author of that outstanding first novel of 1948, Alan Paton and his "Cry, the Beloved Country."

It is not easy to generalize about the trends of fiction on the basis of the efforts of this baker's dozen and their brother debutants. It can be said that for 1949 that strange philosophy of despair, existentialism, passed away of pernicious anemia, and with it whatever American converts Sartre, the metaphysical clown, had gained. There were no observable efforts on the part of prose writers to tear the English language to tatters, perhaps because no one could approach "Finnegans Wake" and the genius of James Joyce without blushing or would care to summon the doughty ghost of Gertrude Stein. There were fewer war books in which no man of courage or honor or ability was allowed to appear on the scene of battle. The cult dedicated to novels about discrimination against Negroes and Jews declined, not because we still do not suffer from and regret this evil, but because it has become increasingly difficult to find anything novel or arresting to say about it.

Among last year's publications, as in other years, novels were sometimes honored for the style in which they were written as well as their content. It was a delight to read Elio Vittorini's "In Sicily" after all the long, turgid American books in which a dramatic theme was all that mattered. In Ernest Hemingway's preface, wherein he said, in typical Hemingway fashion, "in this book the rain you get is Sicily," he may have praised it for the wrong reasons, but it is safe to say that this simple novel, which has form but no plot, will have an immediate influence on American writing. It is the report of a man's voyage to visit his mother in the Sicilian mountains; it records exactly what he saw, what he felt, and how he acted. After the fever of the war and the corrupt chaos of reconstruction in Italy, here were the Sicilians exactly as he had left them fifteen years ago, just as hungry, just as poor, just as sick, but expressing a human dignity and courage that he had almost forgotten. Vittorini does not say that a man is the better for being ignorant and poor but only that you can see the human being better when he is stripped bare. There is not a trace of the sentimentality of a Steinbeck or a Saroyan, who would have us believe that a thieving tramp or a whore is a nobler creature than a virtuous one or that the only sound philosophers are drunkards. The book has political significance because it says in various ways that the human being cannot for long be conquered and degraded by tyrants and that woman is the ever-flowing, regenerating fountain of mankind.

IN another manner, but with the same simplicity and candor, a young French novelist has left his imprint on the art of fiction with his first book. Jean Bloch-Michel's "The Witness" is an extraordinarily moving document. It is about cowardice, or the fear of it, and how it eats into a man until he can no longer bear to be near any witnesses of his degradation and so is finally cast into the darkness of solitude. It is an analysis of a man's mind, though neither Freud nor Jung is anywhere present. Like the Italian book, it is told in the first person and it conquers this difficult method of relating a story with equal brilliance. Just before the war this youth, whose name, as I remember, is never mentioned, spends his holiday on a Mediterranean beach with his brother, to whom he is devoted, and two girl companions. When his leaking rowboat is driven out to sea and sinks, his brother, Michel, cannot make the shore, and if he tries to aid him, he too will die. The will to live outweighs any feeling

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of moral responsibility, and he survives. The poison is now instilled. He has fallen in love with one of the girls, who gives herself to him to calm his torments. Later he marries her, and after he is back home from the futility and boredom of the war he returns to watch her from a safe distance one evening when the Germans seize her and take her to a prison camp. In a year she is dead of starvation. The same act of cowardice, if it is that, has been repeated; again he could not have saved someone he loved, but he saved his own life by not intervening. A letter from her reaches him finally, which completes his destruction, for now he has nothing left but contempt and loathing for himself. "The Witness" is absorbingly fascinating and harrowing, but the logic of the chain of events and the honesty with which the suffering man traces his own downfall redeem him and cloak him in a kind of inverted nobility.

Obviously, there is no reason why an American should be asked to write like an Italian or a Frenchman, for forcefulness and an ebullient lack of restraint are native to our literature. With the possible exception of German writers, it cannot be imitated abroad. Almost any one of the seven American first novels represented here might illustrate why the best and some of the worst American novels of the Twenties and Thirties have been translated into every language of the Western world.

Tom Lea's "The Brave Bulls" without doubt ranks with Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon" and may well prove to be the best American novel of the year. It blazes with color and is drenched with the blood of a Mexican bull ring. Its chapters crackle with excitement and lead to a climax that literally lifts the reader out of his chair. No one who has read the book is likely to forget Luis Bello, prince of bullfighters, and his young brother in that long afternoon's battle with four of the bravest bulls in all Mexico. It is a contrived story, perhaps, in which the indomitable fighter loses his girl, his friend, and his courage in a single week, and goes on a drunken spree. Later, in the bull ring at the moment of disaster, he turns cowardice into blazing courage and emerges wounded, covered with gore, a national hero. It is difficult to describe this book without descending to the hyperbole of a circus poster, though it has quieter and not less interesting aspects. For the curious, there is presented the life of a swordsman of the ring in the midst of his hangers-on and his thieving family, a remarkably restrained view of his sex life, and the training of bulls, bred only for courage and murder. "The Brave Bulls" in its unrestrained way "has everything," and it may some day chase Mr. Hemingway's famous book right out of the arena.

TWO years ago Norman Mailer in "The Naked and the Dead" wrote the epitaph for the long war novel in which there was no single character who possessed honesty or courage or military knowledge. His fierce contempt for the men who were assaulting a Pacific island and for the cause which had brought them there had an emotional impact that kept it for months on the lists of best sellers. The most impressive war novel of 1949, Van Van Praag's "Day Without End," belongs to another school and is a better book. The unremitting action takes place in only one day during the battle for Normandy. It is fiercely concentrated on a platoon of exhausted men, who have not been relieved for two months, as they crawl or run forward, first under the fire of hidden snipers and later through a ferocious storm of shells and bombs into the dawn of the next day. "Day Without End" has the unique virtue, for a war novel, of unity of time and place. It is written without embellishment, and the reader becomes familiar with each man's weaknesses and discovers the kernel of hard courage that sustains him. But courage is the wrong word; these infantrymen are in deadly fear for their lives, but still they advance step by step. There is no room for heroism at such a time; they die and are left on the field; they fall to the ground exhausted and are rolled into a ditch. They come from everywhere in America; they had been barbers, bartenders, truck drivers, students, lawyers, and one of them is a bloodthirsty Mexican; but with the thousands like them they broke through the defenses of the still undefeated German Army and captured its stronghold at St. Lô. The novel is in this sense the very essence of modern war during the crises in which the deciding battles are won. The months of boredom, the stupidities, and cruelties are here, but these agonies are muted by the necessity for constant action. With good reason Bill Mauldin called it "the first combat novel I've found believable from beginning to end." It can be compared with the great books that came out of the First World War. It explains why the American Army advanced in the Pacific islands and in Europe won through to Berlin. It was not only superior weight of arms and equipment; it was the men themselves. The novel has its limitations and its faults, and its unremitting drive is a strain on the reader, but it is the best war book of the year, and every chapter is stamped with the exuberance of an American writer.

Harriette Arnow's "Hunter's Horn" is a warm-hearted saga of the shy people of the Kentucky mountains. Nunn Ballew, his wife, and his children live in poverty in a shack at the back of nowhere, on what had once been a prosperous farm, now reduced by erosion and the advance of weeds and saplings. There is a romantic haze over this forlorn landscape and over these people who have been presented by so many writers as toothless and mumbling Southern crackers, a forgotten and useless scrap heap of American society. They love their hounds, each other, their cows, sheep, and pigs, and they love the freedom of the wilderness that surrounds them. If cold and hunger come in the winter, there is always spring ahead. The story itself is carried on a slender thread: Nunn's passionate desire to kill the huge and wise fox who has bedeviled him year after year and has led his faithful old hound to his death. The novel has the fault common to American writers: it is overwritten and overstuffed with incident and unnecessary complexities. It never seems to stand still or rest. A blue pencil, relentlessly handled, might have made of it a memorable classic of a vanishing way of life, but as it stands it deserves a part of the en-

(*Continued on page* 41)

Invocation to the Triple Goddess

(To Robert Graves)

By Stephen Dunn

GODDESS, my mistress, now kneel I before you, beseeching
Grace for the season; now the sun fails cold and dimly
Away from the light-thirsting men of earth, and death advances
Upon them as the clouds gather and the choking sky lowers
Over their heads and the trembling winds bring trembling.
In the universe only you stand firm, whose ancient mercy
We know. Your hair grows long, floats rippling on the sweet waves.
Cover us, shelter us from the winds our enemies.

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Notes on a Baker's Dozen

ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

SEVERAL new problems arose this year in connection with assembling the material for the sketches below. We were able to establish direct communication with only two of the eight writers either belonging or living abroad, and it was not possible to show pictures of either Elizabeth Charlotte Webster, who died in 1934, or camera-shy Henry Green. To compensate, we struck a bonanza—some hitherto unpublished details of Miss Webster's life and death.

ELIO VITTORINI was glad when the battle lines were drawn in 1939. It had been a yearning for a show-down with Fascism that had prompted him two years before to write "In Sicily," and when Italy's partisan brigades were mushrooming under cover of the world holocaust the majority of the fighters, he found, were siphoned from those who had read his book. But now, after an abortive post-Liberation attempt to reach a working synthesis of politics and culture in a magazine, *Politecnico*, he has abandoned political activities, which occupied much of his life from 1936-47.

He is currently laboring on an untitled novel dealing with the time of his childhood. "I shall not be in it myself," he writes, "nor shall the book show my own point of view as a child. But I want to draw on my recollections and to see those people, those years, Sicily, Italy, the First World War, and up to 1922 as I would see them now, not as I saw them then." And he is wrestling with an essay, "A Short History of American Literature"—which appeals to him as the only literature completely modern and devoid of medieval or Renaissance traces. He is trying to study American literature in the light of this "modernism" and to understand its significance for contemporary man of whatever national origin.

Writing is Mr. Vittorini's occupation and preoccupation, and to it he now devotes mornings. But, royalties being what they are—even with translations of five of his seven books into several foreign languages—he is in thrall afternoons as advisor to some of Milan's publishers and at the mercy of young writers who besiege him for advice and criticism. He gets away from it all summers when he can to a loved Mediterranean fishing village and occasionally to literary gatherings in Paris or Geneva, which mean much to him.

TOM LEA decided to be a painter when he was twelve—"a strange idea to which my parents happily offered no objection." More than happily, as the talent proved enormous, the drive able to keep pace, so that for twenty years now a paint brush has been his principal weapon in the economic struggle.

First—after finishing El Paso High—came four years in Chicago, two at the Art Institute, two teaching, doing commercial art, and assisting his mentor, muralist John Norton. Murals seemed to be his special bent at the time, and "on some easy money made decorating a cabaret" he dashed to Italy during the 1929-33 Chicago period for a study of the Renaissance masters. His own best-known murals are on view in the Washington (D.C.) Post Office and the Section of Fine Arts of the Federal Works Agency.

Tom Lea tried other art expressions, and success snowballed. On the strength of drawings he did for J. Frank Dobie's "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver" *The Satevepost* gave him a story to illustrate, and so impressed was *Life* by the results of that assignment it handed him a contract as war artist and correspondent which took him trailing 100,000 miles up and down and around the earth. And out of his reports to *Life* developed the writing career on which he is now launched.

Lea père, "old-style criminal lawyer" and sometime El Paso mayor, had seen to it that Tom spent his childhood summers on a ranch. He had imbibed the lore of cowmen, Indians, and the Southwestern border. Some of the Mexican Revolution he saw first hand, and he still "remembers with pleasure my excitement when the bullets popped as the rebels took Ciudad Juarez and we climbed the foothills to watch the fun." Back in El Paso permanently (it has been his base of operations since 1935), he could recall much that was useful background for his novel, but he devoted two whole years to learning about the bulls and the men who stand up to them.

JEAN BLOCH-MICHEL had embarked on a career at law before the coalition of Fascists from Germany and Mother France sent his world spinning in a new direction. Along with all men of military age, he sprang to arms in the fall of '39—he was then twenty-seven—and, an infantry sergeant, was swallowed up in a German prison camp by June. Within two months he had escaped into the French underground—cover for four years' sniping at Vichy and the Occupation before capture and imprisonment by the Gestapo. The mistreatment and torture in Montluc Prison—basis of one of the few autobiographical sequences in "The Witness"—stiffened his spine, and on liberation by Allied troops in June 1944 he took over administration of the Paris daily *Combat*, a Resistance instrument he had helped fashion.

This derring-do also inspired him to pen a series of essays, memoirs on the Resistance, recently published in his native Paris as "Les Grandes Circonstances." No American edition is planned, for—"though wonderfully well written," in the words of his French publisher's New York representative—it presumably has no durable value for an American audience.

Nothing of Mr. Bloch-Michel's style is owed to Faulkner or Hemingway, two of his favorites; only Camus, enduring friend from Resistance and *Combat* days, is an acknowledged influence. He identifies himself with no current literary cult: feeling no sympathy for surrealism, while admiring the poetry of André Breton; taking no part in the hue and cry about existentialism, since, as he puts it, he is not a philosopher. Still, he is one of a group of younger French writers whose experiences have given them food for long thoughts on the meaning of life even while pursuing such avocations as, in this writer's case, travel—particularly mountain-climbing—and music—with emphasis on Bach.

VAN VAN PRAAG brushed up on his Hemingway after the critics likened their

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styles, but previously he had read "probably a few of his short stories and 'A Farewell to Arms' over a period of time." Like the latter, his war book was no tract, simply a "this-is-the-way-it-is" account of a day in battle. He "will conscientiously object the next war, the one coming up, as abject stupidity," though he has not changed his conviction about the necessity of the last. In that he volunteered as a doughfoot because he likes fresh air—the same reason he treated his New York City public school and Columbia education cavalierly and turned up on occasion in Midwest wheat fields or as Federal Theatre Project actor, bus boy, and Diesel engine lecturer. His free-wheeling spirit will slip any desk chains.

He considers himself a conservative left-winger, a radical pro-laborite, and hopes for the emergence of a real labor party, although, he complains, "labor has become bourgeois, stuffed-shirt, white-collared, bow-tied, soft in many respects." Whether this, the war again, or something else is the subject of Mr. Van Praag's second book, he is not telling. He is shy, tense, self-contained, and not even his publisher knows the theme of a MS. until it is handed in. A third one is being ironed out now. He finds "it takes a lot of squeezing this way and that before I get exactly what I want, but I write very fast because I do a lot of thinking first." "Day Without End" was completed in two and a half months. How many of his thirty years has he wanted to write? "Oh, God, almost since I could read."

Television? "A rat race." Films? "One documentary, not produced." Theatre? "An anti-war play put on by the Playwright's Educational Theater." Short stories? "Several."

HARRIETTE ARNOW, in answer to a plea for material about herself, replied, "I wish I could tell you something interesting, but there just isn't anything," and then rattled off quotable remarks with the speed of a drum roll.

Par exemple: "That publicity picture of me was really flattering, for like Aunt Pansy Yokum, whom I think I resemble, we Kentucky hill women go to bone as we grow older." . . . "I have been interested in writing since about the fourth grade; not much time for it now, what with the children, but if I get on the edge of self-pity I read the letters of Keats." . . . "I never lived in flat land until we came to Detroit, but the reading of certain descriptions in the First Book of 'Paradise Lost' helped; it was good to know such a place had been imagined years and years ago."

Or: "It is pleasant to publish and get good reviews and letters. I suppose in a way the letters are the best part, like one today from a man who had a single complaint about the book —it stopped." . . . "I guess in the end the writing itself is the best part. . . . I have earned next to nothing at the business; except for years of reading, have had no course in the art; entered no contests, nor submitted much, for typing things out and sending them off take that much time from writing." . . . "I haven't mentioned my husband, currently a newspaper reporter; without his help I doubt if I could have got the horn [*sic*] to a publisher; he can read my writing, did the typing, spelling, research when necessary, editing." . . . "I am an amateur botanist, though I sometimes think botanizing helps writing, and certainly the study of math does, for it is the perfect language where all symbols can be real and all reality can be reduced to symbols, but not quite all reality, for a real thing is not necessarily a tangible thing."

JOHN BROOKS does not intend to become typed as a writer. "They make it easy for you, particularly financially, if you follow the line of your first success. A novelist ideally could hardly have a worse thing happen than become a specialist," he muses. So, having put his 1945-47 *Time* editorial experience to effective use in his first novel, he is not eyeing his present reportorial role with *The New Yorker* as meat for his next. One thing he is sure of—it will probably be a lot different. "A novel is apt to result in tremendous remorse —you want to redo the whole thing— or the feeling it's the greatest thing ever written. I've been through both stages and am now satisfied 'The Big Wheel' is all right for what it is, but I want to get on with something else."

Despite three years' military activities, ending with a second lieutenancy in Air communications, he has "no burning urge" to write a war novel. However, he has used little tangents of war for light stories, one of which appeared in *Collier's*. His first free-lance sale to *The New Yorker*, in comic-essay vein, came out January 28.

A recent magazine article made Mr. Brooks wonder about writer coteries. He thinks real writers are essentially lonely and reticent people and save their ideas for print. "Spilled out in conversation ideas become damaged, watered down," is his feeling. He writes laboriously — "doesn't everyone?"—, pounding out a three- or four-hour stint a day, then stopping for outlining and notes. He keeps up with new fiction and the theatre and "would like to have a hobby of travel." Seeing America and discovering England he found his "compensation for the war," after an Eastern childhood and schooling at Kent (Conn.) and Princeton (N. J.).

FRITZ PETERS, according to his publishers, is one of "those" authors—he won't talk about himself. A mutual friend appealed to for biographical morsels seemed less than certain as to whether Peters went to school in France as a child because his mother was studying singing there or because she was ill and an aunt had him under her wing abroad! One thing this friend *did* know definitely: he is "practically a compulsive writer . . . the words seem to pour into the typewriter."

Compulsive or not, some of this writing proved fateful. *Harper's Bazaar* last year bought one of his short stories, and the fiction editor, Mary Lou Aswell, married him that June. On a year's leave of absence she spent the summer with him in Santa Fe, one of his previous haunts, and accom-

—*Farabola.* Elio Vittorini

Jean Bloch-Michel

—*Arcy Studio.* Tom Lea

—*Erich Hartmann.* Van Van Praag

—*Lee F. Redman.* Harriette Arnow

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—John Glidden.

John Brooks

—Kapell-Weiner Studio.

Fritz Peters

—Fred Stein.

Morton Thompson

Paul Bowles

—Melvin.

William Sansom

—Kanova.

Hope Muntz

panied him to Paris in the fall (they and Eudora Welty were recently sighted in Nice *à trois*).

Fritz Peters was born in Madison, Wis., and has lived in Chicago, New York, Paris, and Santa Fe. During the fifteen prewar years he wrote and destroyed innumerable MSS. while sustaining life by work in bars and gas stations, for the British Purchasing Commission, and eventually as French translator for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. The war—specifically the 29th Division and SOS service in France, Belgium, and Luxembourg—took three years out of his life.

Santa Fe is the place he loves best, and last summer he and his bride bought a place there against the day they can live as they like.

MORTON THOMPSON, who was once called to task by an *SRL* reviewer for "his flip journalistic technique," had the last laugh when these columns described his novel as "noble . . . deeply conceived and powerfully written." Anyway, his journalistic technique he came by honestly enough, for much of his livelihood for twenty years was dredged from reporting, editing, and columning for newspapers, mostly in Los Angeles.

The child Morton hung around the lobby of the Westminster—one of his father's four New York hotels—, got to know Chris Morley, Bruce Bliven, Mencken ("wasn't I *lucky*?"), was writing poetry at eleven, and saw his first by-line in *Life* (the original) when fifteen. Since, his name has bobbed up in most leading USA magazines and on the jacket of two books of humor.

But at some point he developed an urge toward medicine and "for three gorgeous months" of a checkered thirteen-month Army career he was allowed to run a laboratory, he recounts. A postwar job as doctor's assistant in a California hospital laboratory deepened his knowledge of medicine, one aspect of which is the theme of "The Cry and the Covenant." Another he is mulling over for his next endeavor. Currently immobilized following a knee operation, he moans, between bouts of real pain, "I'm going to do another book. That's what I'm so unhappy about." But his uninhibited flow of words, his relaxed face belie his wails. He admits his writing flows easily: "My first draft is my only one. On this I make editorial deletions and additions. Occasionally a sentence that seems to me precious, important, I sketch in pencil and work on until I am completely happy, then commit to typescript." Arthur Quiller-Couch is his literary god.

His wife insists he's a genius, "a forty-two-year-old genius who can write, cook, make furniture, fly a plane." She has clipped his wings, but his other fancies she indulges on their new-old acres at Old Lyme, Conn.

PAUL BOWLES is by choice a sojourner in strange lands, and whether he seeks something positive or merely escape from negation has become at least a thirty-two-dollar question in U. S. musical and literary circles. Today it is Ceylon; last year, the Sahara and Morocco—where he owns a house in the Casbah of Tangier—; previously, South America, the West Indies, and—over and over again—Europe and North Africa. Sometimes, his wife—the author Jane Bowles—wanders with him. Currently she is in Paris.

Before he took French leave from the University of Virginia on his initial flight to Paris he had already published poetry in many little magazines here and abroad, including *transition* and *This Quarter*. Since 1945 his short stories have been appearing in *Harper's Bazaar*, *Partisan Review*, *Horizon*, *Mademoiselle*, etc. He did the translation for Sartre's "No Exit" as produced in New York. "The Sheltering Sky" brought praise in high-C from critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

Still, with all due respect to these huzzahs, Paul Bowles's reputation as a composer takes priority over his standing as a writer. P. Glanville-Hicks in an article, "The Season of Promise" (*Musical America*, Nov. 1, 1949), credits him with "one of the rarer musical minds."

On his last withdrawal from New York, his native heath, Mr. Bowles abandoned two lucrative occupations: music criticism for the *New York Herald Tribune* and the writing of incidental theatre music, in which he is said to have become not only the most sought after but the best-paid composer as well. Too, he had had concert-hall approval of his more serious work.

Which is where we came in—what makes Paully run? Flight from something or flight to the sources of the exotic type of music that is dearest to his heart?

HENRY GREEN has made of his literary ego a mystery wrapped in an enigma, but snippets of his real self have latterly responded to journalistic x-ray. His pseudonymity—actually he is Henry Vincent Yorke, British industrialist and social registerite—, his camera shyness (hand-covered face, *Time* October 10, 1949; rear-view shot, *Vogue* October 1, 1949), which had all the earmarks of an act, have been revealed as the escape mechanisms of a sincere and "regular guy."

He has been flirting with anonymity,

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it develops, ever since he abandoned Oxford orthodoxy in mid-term, he was "so bored," and hired himself out to a Birmingham engineering firm at a pound a week. Of that phase he recollects, "First I was a sort of storekeeper. Then I passed on to be a pattern maker. Later I became a molder. And finally I was in the copper shops." His fellow workers touched and intrigued him—"I loved them." But a fuller account of this proletarian experience can be gleaned from his second novel, "Living"—his first, "Blindness," having been brought to fruition at Eton.

Henry Yorke—nephew of Lord Leconfield, husband of the former the Honorable Adelaide Buddulph (with whom he was unabashedly photographed at their wedding in 1929), now managing director in London of his old Birmingham firm, H. Pontifex & Sons—has the knack as Henry Green of slipping from one of England's social strata to another, of unearthing some dead-end situation, such as blindness, old age, impenetrable fog, and of impaling it for reader scrutiny under a typically terse title —"Caught," "Back," "Party Going," "Concluding," "Loving." None is widely known even in England, though as long ago as 1929, when "Living" made its debut, Evelyn Waugh was crying in the literary wilderness about "this neglected masterpiece."

WILLIAM SANSOM before publication of "The Body" was known in America principally by avant-garde readers, who had bestowed on his two books of short stories published here—"Fireman Flower" and "Three"—something of a succès d'estime. Beyond the fact that his writing, at least ante-"The Body," derived from Kafka, as critic after critic pointed up, there is still little information on tap.

That little consists of these tid-bits: "about" thirty-five; educated at Uppingham, England; eschewed a university degree in favor of travel on the Continent; lived for extended periods in France, Germany, Spain, Hungary, and "other" countries; served in the ranks of the London Fire Service 1939-45; won the literary scholarship of the Society of Authors in London two seasons running, 1946-47; has had two additional volumes of short stories published in England —"Something Terrible, Something Lovely" and "South."

HOPE MUNTZ spent 1931-47 preparing for and writing "The Golden Warrior." Even during the war the projected book made a running accompaniment to her motor-transport driving, for a sense of history rode with her through the Kent countryside, past Battle, Hastings, Dover, and so on, and she came "to appreciate very vividly the stress and strain resulting from a long-drawn-out invasion threat." In the Icelandic sagas, to which she turned for a prose style suited to her epic theme, she found this bit of philosophy: "Every fate is to be overcome by bearing it," and herself concludes, "not a bad thought for these days." Austerity she has decided she

wouldn't mind if it were not so drab!

Having set her own literary sights high, she abhors "the current obsession with decadent types, slap-dash workmanship, and lack of form," and the same meticulous spadework and writing will go into her next book, which is "later in date but linked to the first." Research has brought her interesting friendships with historians and scholars, such as V. Sackville-West and Helen Waddell, and trips to the Continent. Travel and languages she lists as hobbies along with people, books, theatre, ballet, music, riding, sailing, skating, skiing, engineering, driving, and (again) people. "Life," she proclaims, "is something that never bores me. I should add perhaps that I cannot take anyone seriously who has not got a sense of humor, which is why I like Americans."

Canadian-born (1907), Britain-bred Miss Muntz stems from a versatile family. Several members write, one is an artist, one a sculptor. She herself —a collateral descendant of Washington Irving, by the way—is a book illustrator, an engineer, a secretary, and, of course, a magnificent writer.

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE WEBSTER did not live long enough either to rebut the cries of "infidel!" or swathe herself in the alternative literary laurels bestowed after publication of her polemical "Ceremony of Innocence." In fact, "The End" had been but barely affixed when pneumonia, compounding a perennial asthmatic misery, wrote finis to her life and work. But to those who felt cheated by this snip of Atropos's shears the good word is that she left two other books—"Potholes" and "Bullion"—both of which have been brought out in England and are to have American editions. Besides, her sister and close companion, Mary Morison Webster, is reported equally talented.

Miss Webster's paroxysmal disorder of respiration also dictated her life. In her native Edinburgh it kept her from school—the total sum of her attendance she once estimated at five days. It stimulated her to learn to read "automatically," her sister says, and confined her to a bedroom, which, "because she was so intuitively wise, became the Mecca for friends and relatives requiring witty conversation or general advice on all matters, particularly those pertaining to affairs of the heart." It finally sent her, with her sister, to South Africa's softer clime, and it was there between 1925 and 1934 that she committed her thoughts to paper.

But the manuscript of "Ceremony of Innocence"—which was based on a year's training as a deaconess in a convent back in England, a calling she abandoned because of a dearth of funds to contribute to the order—lay ignored under the death bed, and it was years before Mary Morison felt sufficiently composed to set about typing it. Then, in 1945 the sister entered it in the Afrikaanse Pers Beperk fiction contest—it tied for first place —and launched it on its controversial way.

The Pusillanimi

By Carl Binger, M. D.

ABOVE all, no participation!
Keep cool your pulse and safe your reputation,
Succor can always be had in a paid clinic,
Besides, the world belongs to mucker and to cynic.
Above all, remember, this is no time to stick your neck out,
So keep within your shell—your small redoubt;
But be sure that when you are ready to expose your head,
You will be counted among the living and not among the dead.

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Fiction. *The first war novel of the year, Ned Calmer's "The Strange Land," turns out to be the best we have received since Van Van Praag's "Day Without End" last summer. The author was a war correspondent who understood the infantryman as well as the brass hats and the general who decided to attack a fort on the Siegfried Line for the sake of his own advancement. In two finely written translations from the French the theme of homosexuality is treated with reserve and insight. "The Mesh," by Lucie Marchal, is the more dramatic of the two, a story of the tensions and passions that smolder under the calm surface of a middle-class family. A strict French Catholic boarding school for boys is the more ordinary scene for Roger Peyrefitte's "Special Friendships," in which a boy is corrupted by the sterile and hostile environment in which his need for affection has no outlet. Both novels have been awarded French literary prizes.*

ETO Operation Uppercut

THE STRANGE LAND. By Ned Calmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 326 *pp.* $3.

By Hollis Alpert

FOR SOME reason, the war correspondents have been holding back from contributing their share to the expanding pile of novels dealing with World War II. The bulk of the good ones have come from the soldiers, and perhaps the sense of release resulting from getting it all off one's chest was not necessary for the correspondents, who were able to tell about it anyway in a flood of dispatches, in factual books written while it was hot, and during lecture tours. Thus it comes as somewhat of a surprise to find that the author of "The Strange Land" was a war correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Ned Calmer has not only written the kind of war novel which has been needed to throw a clearer light on the major event of our time, but he has revealed himself as a novelist of striking ability. The people he writes of are astonishingly real; the construction is clever; the story is as honestly dramatic as any novel which has as yet come along about the war.

He has gotten a few things off his chest, too. The war correspondents themselves come under bitter attack in a vitriolic portrait of John C. Wexel, a syndicated columnist who made a flying trip to the ETO and quickly managed to display his pomposity, his innate corruption, and a complete failure to comprehend the nature of the combat soldier's experience. Mr. Calmer, however, rescues his co-workers by more sympathetically delineating another correspondent and, it ought to be said, by the very fact that this novel is written as it is: by one who was obviously "in it."

The story is mainly concerned with the fates of twelve people who were involved in a fictional operation called "Uppercut." The time is November 1944, a period of relative stalemate and general undervaluation of the enemy potential, which was to culminate a month later in the German Ardennes offensive. Uppercut does bear a rather marked resemblance to certain U. S. Ninth Army operations which took place at around the same time, but it is not necessary to make the identification, since it was quite typical of operations to get through the Siegfried fortifications at almost any point along the front. General Mallon, a division commander, was eager to send his depleted troops into the attack because the town of Zenz contained a labor camp; it would be the first liberation of such a camp in Germany and the general wanted to capitalize on it for some personal publicity. General Hennessey, the corps commander, was more aware of the risks and would have preferred waiting for a more propitious moment. Mallon, whose command of rhetoric was superior to his judgment, was the one who swayed Lambert, the Army commander, and the offensive ground through four bitter days before meeting failure.

That Mallon should have been able to outmaneuver Hennessey is the one discordant detail for me in an otherwise realistic representation of higher level planning sessions. It *could* have happened this way, but a corps commander was a good-sized notch above a division leader in authority and it is not very likely he would have played so impotent a role. For his dramatic purposes, however, Mr.

THE AUTHOR: Ned Calmer, who was published in *Town Topics* at age fourteen, was only twenty-four—a reporter on the *Paris Herald* and a writer for *transition*—when his first novel, "Beyond the Street," was released. Both it and "When Night Descends," his next, "got good reviews, kicked around—and didn't set the world on fire. . . . I learned the hard way: an author is just an author and to most publishers he is no different from any other cog in the writing machine." It paid better, he found, to be news editor for the French agency Havas and contribute the while to American dailies. When France fell Calmer joined CBS here, "but it was a very embarrassing thing to be earning a good salary in this country when lots of people were getting killed elsewhere in the world." As soon as possible he got assigned to war correspondence, working from London, Supreme Headquarters in Paris, and the front lines, the last traveling in a rickety, old sound truck with the call number JESQ—for Jig Easy Sugar Queen. He flew in bombing missions, was in infantry combat, did about everything save bear arms—under fire, "a *very* uncomfortable feeling." "My 'Operation Uppercut' in 'The Strange Land,'" he says, "is almost a classic one. . . . I wanted to represent a theory of mine that there is no such thing as a fact which is evident to everybody, except possibly a theorum of Pythagoras or Euclid. In my book all action is seen through the eyes of twelve people. When it was over, what was the truth—what really happened?" He began it in 1945 on a bumpy flight over the South Atlantic and continued during hours snatched from CBS broadcasts in world capitals, U. N. meetings, lectures, the soap opera "Back-Stage Wife," and a global trip last year. He hopes to vacation this spring in South America but has no new novel in mind. "I want a theme which means something. . . . Unless a work is useful in revealing life, I don't think it's worth while." —R. G.

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Calmer is always credible, and only as reportage could one quarrel with his interpretations of higher level procedure.

But at lower levels the personalities and the procedure are seen with fidelity. Colonel Stromer at regiment and Major Achelis at battalion are rendered in so lifelike a fashion that it is like hearing their counterparts speak again. And the portrait of Captain Mike Crosby, who commanded B Company, is done with such care that it is like having a monument raised to officers like him. His was the most terrible ordeal of all for he had to carry an incredible load of responsibility in the midst of danger as extreme as that to any of his men.

By using an extension of the method employed by William March in "Company K" (each character tells his own part in the over-all story) Mr. Calmer switches his reader from the Hotel Scribe in Paris to Mallon's headquarters, from Captain Crosby's command post to a platoon engaged in knocking out a pillbox. It is somewhat cinematic, in a sense, but the interior monologue is used to good effect in giving a three-dimensional quality to what happens. Motivations are made clear enough without recourse to lengthy flashbacks showing a character in civilian life taking his girl to Joe's bar.

Uppercut Operation failed (as many in actuality did) and Mr. Calmer does throw the blame upon the planning levels but his view is clearsighted enough to give a full indication that, if the element of chance had not entered, it might easily have succeeded. General Mallon might have got his Pentagon assignment and B Company would not have been wiped out.

But it should also be remembered that because risks *were* taken, because so many leaders did act with drive, sometimes with little personal regard for the cost, offensives did succeed. An operation like Uppercut would have had to originate at a SHAEF or Army Group level; thus, whatever Mallon's motivations were, it is likely that he would have had to act in much the same way. It is this final balance of the "big picture" which the novel doesn't quite achieve.

But that aside, one can't help but feel the understanding that emerges from Mr. Calmer's concentrated view. Through twelve people seen during four crucial days he has shown what the war was like during one of its most important phases. And, as terribly and authentically stark as it often is, his novel is not a cry of pain. You will admire Lieutenant Keith and Captain Crosby; you will be awed by Lieutenant Phelan's sadism and hate General Mallon. You will despise John C. Wexel and perhaps find Clare Drake, a Wac officer, understandable as she beds down rather widely in Paris. You will know pretty exactly what the Sergeant Voraks and the Private Seligs went through. In other words, you will react to Mr. Calmer's people and you will see them as inhabitants of a strange land indeed. That is the primary accomplishment of this novel.

Hollis Alpert, a short-story writer, served as a combat historian in the ETO for the War Department's Historical Division.

Caravan to California

JUBILEE TRAIL. By Gwen Bristow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 564 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

THE efforts of the professional economists and sociologists who lecture us on how to live with our neighbors today would have been wasted on the men and women who people the crowded canvas of Gwen Bristow's novel. On the long trail from St. Louis to Santa Fe and in the raw, new towns they settled in Lower California there were only friends and foes with nothing complicated about either classification. Garnet Cameron, Miss Bristow's sturdy heroine, learned how to live with her neighbors by facing a series of simple, significant impacts—a primitive, advantageous method.

In the summer of 1844 nineteen-year-old Garnet, the adored daughter of a well-bred family in the fashionable city of New York, is introduced to us, a June graduate from a young ladies' school. She has carried away three medals awarded for proficiency in music, horsemanship, and politeness. When she marries Oliver Hale, a California trader, the next March her ability to ride horseback with him on the trail and to be courteous under all circumstances proves the value of her education. The fact that she married Oliver because he could grant her passionate wish for adventure proves only that marriage used as a stepping-stone is never successful.

The adjective "colorful" will probably be the one most often employed to describe "Jubilee Trail." It is in effect an expertly directed panorama that the author presents; if the reader fails to attain a sense of close kinship with anyone in the marching throng at least he cannot complain that the story drags. From New Orleans, where Garnet and Oliver on their honeymoon meet a beautiful, mysterious actress, to St. Louis; across country to Santa Fe, still a part of Mexico; from Santa Fe to Los Angeles, the caravan moves forward. So does the life of the bride traveling with it, quickened under the pressure of hardship, danger, and the demands of loyalty and love. The stature of Oliver shrinks in the test, but Garnet matures. As for Florinda, the actress, she is with difficulty deflected from becoming the heroine in spite of Miss Bristow's award of the spotlight to Garnet.

The realization of how firmly he is assigned the role of spectator is a curious and rather exasperating experience for the reader. He is allowed to watch but not to feel, to comprehend but not respond. Always there is a disturbing vision of the author as narrator and a conviction of adroit manipulation. Here are many lives intertwined in a story told, despite some preposterous pages, with vigor and warmth and yet something is lacking in the communications system.

For one thing, much of the dialogue is improbable. To quote an instance:

> Garnet spoke without hesitation. "Florinda, you are the kindest, most considerate, least resentful person I've ever known. If you killed a man it must have been because he deserved it."
>
> Florinda shook her head slowly, with a look of wonder. "Garnet, I guess that's about the nicest thing anybody ever said to me in my whole life."

Which is, of course, possible. And yet . . .

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Inversion, Male & Female

THE MESH. By Lucie Marchal. New York: Appleton - Century - Crofts. 240 *pp.* $3.

SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS. By Roger Peyrefitte. New York: The Vanguard Press. 392 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard McLaughlin

ALTHOUGH France is said to have more literary prizes than she has political parties, her score for crowning deserving recipients at the end of a prize-giving season can often turn out surprisingly high. Perhaps this is because sentiment more than money, and considerations of prestige rather than sales, contribute to the final anointing of the year's favored crop of novels. I think it is also for this reason that many novelists with themes of a limited appeal receive recognition in France who could never expect any such public laurels here.

Certainly these two importations, though representative of the very best in modern French literature today, are a striking example of this catholicity of taste among France's literary-award committees. None of us could ever conceive of either novel getting the Pulitzer Prize, I am sure, and yet both of these novels dealing with homosexuality were so honored in France. Delicacy, brilliance, and the fine quality of the writing as well as a masterly handling of their subject won for Mme. Marchal and M. Peyrefitte respectively the *Les Lettres Françaises* 1948 and the *Prix Th. Renaudot* 1944.

"The Mesh" is perhaps more generally appealing than "Special Friendships," but both appear to succeed where so many novels on the homosexual theme fail in this country. They are written far beyond and above the police-blotter or clinical-case-history stage. Sensitivity, candor, and also an austere mood of purity in their style and psychological probings give dignity and power to these works. As for Mme. Marchal's book, one is driven for the first time in years to add encomiums of his own to those already encircling it. It is herewith recommended with little or no reservation on the part of this reader. "The Mesh" is one of the finest novels to come from France during the decade I have been addicted to reading French novelists. And it is all the more startling to learn that it is a first novel.

Mme. Marchal writes with a fine command of her dramatic materials; her taut, live grasp of not only her characters' actions and motivations but their essential relationship to the carefully woven plot, produces a cohesive, almost unbearably tense narrative. Nor is one exaggerating to point out that Mme. Marchal is writing in the great realistic tradition of Stendhal and Balzac. True, her forte is melodrama, with smoldering passions and an undercurrent of terror and violence present that frequently make her people say and do things that we ordinarily expect to have happen on a stage, not in everyday life. But that is where an artist like Mme. Marchal can show us that we are deceived. She is not content just to photograph or reproduce a surface picture of life; she must plumb the depths, identify and examine the motives and psychological conflicts of her characters, for who knows when any commonplace, outwardly dull citizen might turn into a Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, or Orestes overnight? And she does this with a small stage and a mere handful of players. Her setting is a somewhat drab household in modern-day Brussels, the central figures consisting of a tyrannical mother, her weakling son, Charles, his wretched, unwelcome wife, Noemi, her little dog, Michel, and Madeleine, the daughter of the household, who narrates the tale with an awesome restraint in view of the alarming developments in the plot.

Mme. Marchal, obviously a cultured woman, has tried to make up for the drabness of this petty bourgeois family by giving them, in contrast to their snobbery and inbred selfishness, certain intellectual interests. The son, Charles, aspires to write literary criticism, his mother, a virtual Minotaur, learns Latin to keep him company when he is working on his various theses. Even Madeleine, who is shut out from that close intimacy existing between mother and son, finally resorts to Dostoievsky and learns to see people and events around her in a different light. In their midst is the enigmatic Noemi, "sorry Iseult" pining away, hungrily combing travel folders in search of that romantic, happy vacation from fate that she has never known, and by her side her little mongrel dog, Michel, on whom she lavishes all the affection of her warm nature, who later pays a dreadful price for being her companion under this roof where there are so much emotional instability and warring temperaments.

This sort of dramatic fireworks could very easily have become a *Grand Guignol* tour de force in less expert hands. However, "The Mesh" is too well knit and unified a work; there is hardly a false note in it; Madeleine's growing awareness that her fierce jealousy of her mother's and brother's love has some deeper rooted cause behind it, and her eventual declaration of love for her victimized sister-in-law, Noemi, is subtly, beautifully treated.

"The setting makes no difference if

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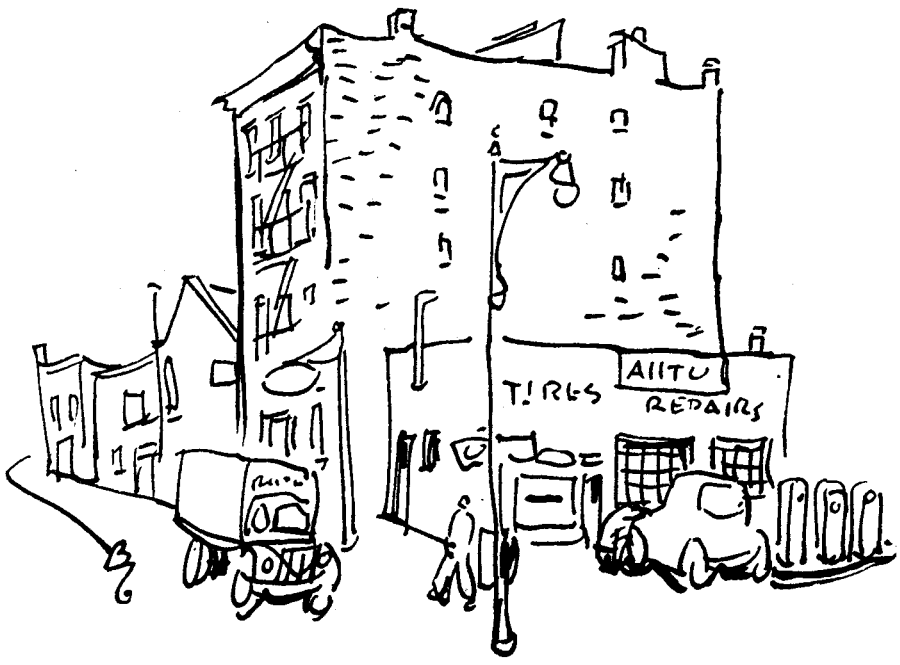
your characters sound real," says one of the people in this novel. Here is undoubtedly the valid evidence of artistry, certainly of Mme. Marchal's artistic powers — for every one of her characters is life size. We not only see them but we feel their emotions. And Mme. Marchal could not aim any higher since her people do often speak their lines with the same dramatic urgency as people from the high tragedy of Racine.

M. Peyrefitte is writing about a much narrower world, if that is possible, than the domestic one of Mme. Marchal. Then, too, he is more concerned in doing exactly what his fellow countrywoman shuns by setting an elaborate stage. Recreating the complex microcosm of school life, in particular, the sentiments and antagonisms, jealousies and feverish emotional crushes that disturb adolescents in a French Catholic boarding school is not a necessarily easy task. He carries it off with flashes of tenderness, sympathy, and unique purity in the perceptions and language. This is enough to recommend highly this moving tale.

George de Sarre at fourteen discovers the anguish and forbidden pleasure of a "special friendship"— that relationship born of adolescent loneliness in boys whose capacities for love find little outlet under the austere regimen of a school where "purity" is too insistently emphasized. George, son of a marquis, is intelligent, has an excellent memory, and thinks very highly of himself. His scholastic triumphs are soon rivaled by his weakness for special friendships. For he is challenged rather than discouraged by the warning preached at Saint Claude: "Be watchful of your friendships. Let them never be those special friendships which cultivate only sensibility, for sensibility is easily converted into sensuality." George persists in establishing these special friendships, even resorting to acts of treachery to attain his ends. "The idea of such an act would ordinarily have seemed inconceivable, but here, amid so much duplicity of every kind, he almost found it normal." George and the beautiful blond boy of twelve, Alexander, whom George sets out to conquer with his charm and superior knowledge, must be regarded, however, as figures in an unnecessary tragedy simply because they have dared to nurture affection and warmth in a sterile, hostile environment, where the grown-ups are seldom shown in a flattering light.

Both translations, "The Mesh," by Virgilia Peterson, and "Special Friendships," by Felix Giovanelli, are exceptionally well done.



Roomer with a Strange Family

CAPTAIN'S BEACH. By Sigrid de Lima. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 228 *pp.* $3.

By Edmund Fuller

TO A TENEMENT rooming house in a waterfront section of New York comes young Taylor, a polio-crippled book agent. He is the new roomer in the top-floor apartment of the Mortlocks, a strange, perhaps symbolically named, family. He lives with them, in the inevitable entanglements of existence, long enough for us to grasp something of the fear, isolation, and wasting eagerness of these lives. When he departs he takes nothing with him, leaves nothing with them. As the pebble is swallowed up by the pool and neither pebble nor pool are different, so Taylor is swallowed up again in the city.

As simple as this is the essential frame of Miss De Lima's promising first novel. She commands respect and attention for what she has achieved, some aspects of which are distinctly out of the ordinary. Yet she is somewhat too much the conscious artist. This, in a sense not inevitably characteristic of first novels by youthful people, happens to be very young writing. It shows an immature but perhaps sizable talent rather than, as sometimes, a matured small talent. It is the better alternative.

She has a certain poetic quality, which has been called her strength. In some ways it is, but it is also dangerously close to being her weakness. There are too many strained symbols. She has a gift for characterization but overdoes it in such creations as the three crones, Mrs. Ghine, Mrs. Cassidy, and Mrs. Stretters, who serve as ancients, or sybils, intoning a chorus.

The figure of Taylor is shadowy. Her people are best represented by the delicate portrayal of young Liza Mortlock, the earthy and tangible father, broken by living, and, the most notable achievement, the ruler of the menage, Mrs. Mortlock.

Miss De Lima is aiming at the core of reality, at essences, but she strains herself. Aiming at dead center she has overshot the mark. I think she has made up too many "insights" out of her own head and achieved, as some young writers do, an imaginary realism.

Yet she is perceptive about loneliness and the hunger for love, expressed in shy Liza, who peers continually out of windows to see the sky. She has compassion for the outcast. She discerns what it is to be trapped, whether it is the trap that Mrs. Mortlock represents to the weaker natures about her or the trap Mrs. Mortlock inhabits in the vulnerable, fleshy mountain of her own body.

Undoubtedly there are tenderness and sensitivity in "Captain's Beach," an untamed gift for language, an eagerness. It is a first novel of merit, but I think it will be for the greater benefit of Miss De Lima's maturing work if the special accomplishments of the present book are not exaggerated.

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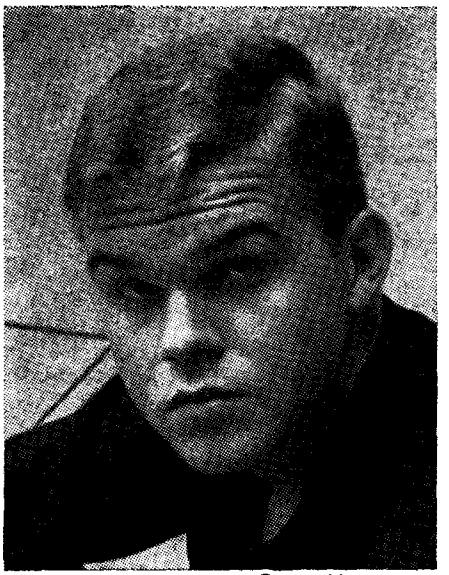
Dry Rot Down South

TIGER IN THE GARDEN. By Speed Lamkin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 278 pp. $3.

By Bucklin Moon

ONE OF the most overworked themes in all Southern fiction is the minute study of the dry rot which seemingly has invaded every small town and hamlet, destroying all that is good in the past and leaving only that which is cheap and tawdry. It has become so familiar, in fact, that save in the hands of a Faulkner or a Welty, it is likely to become as stylized as slick-magazine fiction; the names and the faces of the characters are a little different, but somehow they seem to be going through the same old motions. "Tiger in the Garden" is a case in point.

Concerned with the aristocratic Richardson family of a little cotton town a few hours' distance from New Orleans and narrated by Henry Nelson—a poor cousin who is envious of them yet grows up to become the vice president of the local bank—, it tells the by now familiar story of how the heirs of a feudal agricultural society find themselves totally incapable of taking care of themselves when thrown into competition with the industrialization that began to creep over the region in the boom Twenties. Even with the additional seasoning of the early Gulf Coast oil boom and a preview of the embryo Huey Long it still manages to be the same old show.



—*George Montgomery.*

Speed Lamkin—"a towering fly to the catcher."

When one of the children marries a man socially inferior, but one with a sexual and money drive lacking in anyone in her own stratum, she hopes for escape from a way of life that has already started to crumble, but somehow we know from the beginning that even this won't save her. Nor will her older brother be better off when he marries one of the local belles, for it's a better than even money bet that he won't accept the job offered by one of the industries he blames for shattering his dream, even though it is the only thing that can possibly save him. The younger brother (as always) goes moodily to pot with Prohibition bourbon, light-skinned Negro mistresses, and, when, concealing his homosexuality gets a little too much for him, drowns himself in a nearby bayou.

Maybe this isn't quite fair to Speed Lamkin; at twenty or so he is entitled to hit one towering fly to the catcher. But it would be easier to take if this were intended as a potboiler, even if it were like every other potboiler that had ever been written. The trouble is that it isn't and though I do not venture to suggest that here is a literary find, at least Lamkin is a young writer who knows what a novel is supposed to be, rare enough in itself these days. What seems in order is that the next time out he choose a less worn path. The result might be a pretty good novel.

Bucklin Moon is author of "Without Magnolias" and other novels.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 347

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 347 will be found in the next issue.

UFUF, UTYFYTJX,

UTZQYWD, UWZSJX FSI

UWNXR, FWJ FQQ AJWD

LTTI BTWIX KTW YMJ

QNUX: JXUJHNFQQD

UWZSJX FSI UWNXR.

—HMFWQJX INHPJSX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 346

I'll not listen to reason. . . . Reason always means what some one else has got to say.

—E. Gaskell.

Fiction Notes

TWO IF BY SEA, by Roger Bax. Harper's. $2.50. The novel of international adventure follows the headlines and it was therefore only a matter of time before we should be seeing the Russian agent replace the Nazi agent as demon incarnate. Mr. Bax's thriller is one of the thousand we are sure to be reading in the near future, about the intrepid Englishmen (in this case) who dart in and out of the bear's domain, tweaking the Iron Curtain as they go. Here they have married two lovely Russian girls and are engaged in the hazardous task of getting their wives out of Russia against the paternal opposition of the Government, which dreads the exposure of its women to the corruptions of Western civilization. It is a dashing adventure on the Baltic Sea, with signals by night, forays into Tallinn, a night at the Russian ballet, a quick look at the formidable Zhdanov, impersonations, rousing getaways, and ho! for England. The pace is fast enough; the weakness is in the characters, who might be labeled as comic opera. The Englishmen are as calm and business-as-usual and unlike Prooshians and Rooshians as ever Mr. Gilbert said they are. And the Russians are by turns lugubrious and childlike, easy-marks for any trick Our Heroes can produce in haste, and altogether uncertain of anything. The Nazi villains were much better. I think perhaps this kind of story is a bit of clever Soviet propaganda to soften up the Western world for whatever sly agents are at work in our midst.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

THE COURTS OF THE LION, by Robert W. Krepps. Rinehart. $3. The quest for gold treasure in some remote part of the world is an old theme for novels of adventure ever open to a new variation. As a matter of fact, this story, though it opens with an idea for such an adventure in the minds of the quaintly named Roach, leader of the expedition, and his three companions, Musket Jack, Dan Michael (the youngest of the party and the hero), and the giant, picturesque Negro, Alabaster ("Bast" for short), takes the party far afield into strange adventures they had not dreamt of. The small vessel, in charge of the rather weary Captain Carey, is wrecked off the Southern coast of Africa, whither they were bound. The quintet mentioned falls into the hands of Tchaka, "the Old Lion, Lord of the World," King of Zululand, who stood out among his doughty warriors "like a great sleek lion among panthers" and killed a man for merely sneezing in his august

(*Continued on page 35*)

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Personal History. *Four extraordinary women report on their equally extraordinary lives in four new books reviewed below. Former Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin's niece, Monica Baldwin, who spent twenty-eight years in a Catholic convent and then returned to the secular life, describes her uncommon experience in "I Leap Over the Wall." Ruth McKenney, who entertained us a decade ago with her account of life with her sister, Eileen, tells of her own "very personal romance" in "Love Story." Yay Panlilio, star reporter for the* Philippines Herald, *who became a valiant fighter in the resistance to the Jap occupation, relates the activities of herself and the guerrilla commander Marking in "The Crucible." And in "Shadows Lengthen," American-born Countess Clara Longworth de Chambrun reveals the fright and bewilderment that have captured the French ruling classes during the past ten years of war and political upheaval.*

Adventure in Holiness

I LEAP OVER THE WALL. By Monica Baldwin. New York: Rinehart & Co. 313 *pp.* $3.50.

By Thomas Sugrue

ON OCTOBER 26, 1941, an event occurred in England which had nothing to do with the war, but which in a curious way was important. That day Monica Baldwin, niece of former Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, left the strictly enclosed Roman Catholic convent where for twenty-eight years she had lived as a contemplative nun. She had been released from her vows; her sister Freda came to clothe her in the costume of an English laywoman of the fourth decade of the twentieth century and to take her to London. After that Miss Baldwin set about the business of making herself a part of a world she had renounced when Belgium was falling to the German field armies of World War I. The difficulties she encountered, the questions she was asked, the enormous inadequacies that turned up within herself whenever she was asked to write out her qualifications for a job, forced her into the task of autobiography. She began to set down her reactions to wartime England, comparing them with impressions of her convent life; the result is a book which, she says in her introduction, she hopes will "help to straighten out . . . a few of the curiously crooked notions which so many people still appear to retain about convents" and "put the monastic ideal in a truer perspective for those who know little or nothing about it."

It accomplishes a great deal more than these modest ambitions; it is an honest book, written with style and humor, and it therefore exposes its central, in fact its only, character, in every aspect of her personality, mind, and character; it is she who is examined; it is within her, as within a dream, that England before 1914, convent life between wars, and England of the blitz appear and are dramatized. It is Miss Baldwin whom the reader is apt to judge, therefore, not the life she mistakenly took upon herself or the society she abandoned and then attempted, unsuccessfully, to reenter. Yet judgment is not the word; there is a strange sadness about this adventure in holiness which turned out so badly, which beckoned with a radiant aspect to a romantic and well-bred young lady of seventeen, and in the end became a torment that almost drove her mad. The whole affair was, as a great Frenchman said of a certain military disaster, worse than a tragedy; it was a mistake.

The unfortunate thing is, however, that not only were the years themselves lost, years which might have produced happiness as well as the content of being used, but that Miss Baldwin gained by more than a quarter of century of prayer and discipline none of the strength in Christian virtues she might reasonably have been expected to achieve. Her friends and relations who had remained in secular life possessed, in 1941, more patience, good will, charity, and love of fellow man than she was able to summon up when she met the world head-on. This, of course, she did not notice, and there is no indication in her book that it was ever revealed to her; she apparently is of the opinion still that convent life did nothing but unfit her for the world; she either took no charity and tolerance and patience with her when she left or it did not occur to her to use them. She did some work which by convent standards was humiliating, but other women were doing it with no self-pity and no theological slide-rule to measure the blessings accrued. Actually Miss Baldwin reentered the world with a vast inferiority complex and soon developed an envy for the slickness with which others of her generation managed life. She adopted class consciousness as if she had never flung it off (if ever she had) and very soon was more snobbish than people she considered her betters. In this respect alone convent life kept her from making a spiritual advance in which all democratic society participated during the past thirty years.

Monica Baldwin — "curiously crooked notions."

What other spiritual conquests the convent prevented her from making are obvious as the story unfolds. As a young girl she was trained to be an aristocrat; that concept of society was made part of her consciousness. Because she read Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" and cared more for places than people, and more for what *had* happened in places than what *was* happening, she was impervious to the present and to any needs but her own. She *wanted* to become a nun and took it for granted that God agreed with her; she became a novice against all advice, took final vows, and after ten years realized she was a dreamy, romantic, imaginative woman with a gift for writing, not a mystic capable of the desolation and fire that assail the lover of God. She fought against this fact for eighteen years before asking to be released into the world. Then in the world she resumed the social consciousness she exercised as a girl and fell again under the spell of "Morte D'Arthur," so much so that in the end she once more fled the world, this time to seek a cottage by the sea, where she might revel in pagan fancies of the past and haunt the vague memory of a past incarnation.

It would seem, then, that the leopard

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did not change its spots; Miss Baldwin was an escapist in her youth; she is an escapist in middle age. Convent life for her—and she describes it vividly—must have been a purgatory past imagining. The routine of the nuns, their habits of work and prayer, their little sins and joys, run through the book and play counterpoint to the picture of England from 1941 to 1945. Yet anyone can realize, either by observing Miss Baldwin's reactions or studying his own as he reads, that modern life is actually more difficult to bear than that of a convent and, except for the true mystic, a surer way to spiritual riches. Secular life today is far better at inventing disciplines than were the medieval abbesses; Miss Baldwin, had she followed the advice of family and friends when she was an adolescent would today no doubt be a useful citizen, a mother, and a spiritual person.

She is, to put it bluntly, an interesting case. She sees many things very clearly; others she does not see at all. She writes amusingly of her first encounters with modern brassieres and silk hose; she describes her terror at first hearing a radio and first seeing a Donald Duck film; she is properly frightened of American soldiers and American efficiency; she describes convent life vividly and with an objective eye; she examines her conscience and admits that she became a nun through arrogance and persisted as one through pride and desperation long after she knew the struggle was hopeless. Yet she does not see that what she demands of life even yet is sentimental adventure, devoid both of danger and responsibility, a gay succession of Hollywood plots with periods of lolling ease and childish prayer. Again to put it bluntly, she has not grown up, despite her courage, her intelligence, and her ability to repeat precisely what the best of her teachers told her about the spiritual life and the mystic's quest for God. There may be many like her among sequestered nuns; there may be few. The spiritual life is a gamble for high stakes; those who lose on their throw of the dice lose everything.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 828)

RUPERT HUGHES:
THEN, NOW, AND AGAIN

Each of the circling seasons is most beautiful of all
In memory, hope, the immediate moment's thrall.
Everything is most beautiful that comes, and goes, and comes again.
Now is ever more poignant, ever more beautiful than *Then*.

My Spouse Michael

LOVE STORY. By Ruth McKenney. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 303 pp. $3.

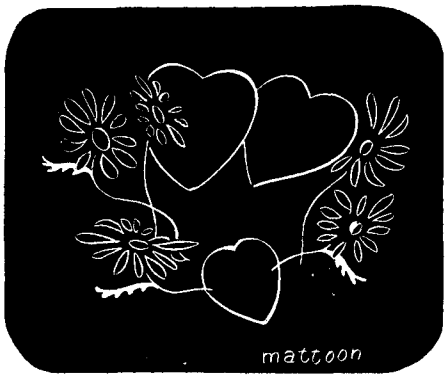
By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

A LOT of words have gone over the dam since Clarence Day first started to reminisce about God and his father. It is unlikely that Mr. Day, writing away on his little classic, ever envisioned the kind of literary Gold Rush he was to inspire. But there you are — you can't strike pay dirt without bringing out the prospectors. Personal history had found a new gimmick; autobiography, a novel twist. The stampede was on. All across the broad land, from New England's stern and rockbound coast to the fairly coral strands of Arizona, writers began to blow the dust off their family recollections. Unlucky the author who couldn't boast of an eccentric uncle, a formidable gramp, a zany cousin, stepmother, or sibling of some sort.

Among the gayer and more contemporary of these records was Ruth McKenney's "My Sister Eileen." It was a funny book. And "Love Story," written some thirteen years, five published works, and three children after Miss McKenney first began to describe the perils of Eileen for *The New Yorker*, is also a funny book most of the time. Miss McKenney is a funny writer. Incredible and funny things happen to her. I laughed out loud twice while I was reading "Love Story," which is two more laughs (audible) than I've come across in any other family saga, Clarence Day always excepted.

I also Choked Up, Swallowed a Lump in My Throat, Felt My Pulses Stir and Smiled Through My Tears; for McKenney has pulled out all the stops in this one. This is her personal love story, as the jacket relentlessly insists, and the cut-up of Greenwich Village has Ripened with Responsibility —that of being Mrs. Michael Lyman.

She is describing twelve years of happy but far from peaceful married life. (Do you remember when marital memoirs were considered appropriate only after a fiftieth anniversary? Ah me, how time telescopes!) Obviously, it is not an ordinary marriage. For one thing, both partners in the match were professed radicals of the type so fashionable circa 1938, and some of their most dulcet moments were spent marching in picket lines or delivering lectures on Culture to obstreperous tars at the NMU headquarters. But brides will be brides no matter how left their sympathies or industrious their pens. They get into trouble over charge accounts, they invite the wrong people to dinner, they furnish apartments and put their husbands on diets and discover hornet nests in their libraries. Also, wives will be wives and have operations and babies and cry into midnight pillows.



On the other hand, they seldom offer to trade away all rights to their books-turned-into-plays on the simple condition that the adapters change the names of the characters; they do not go to Hollywood and earn fabulous sums and give the whole thing up because the climate (both physical and intellectual) depresses them; they do not write novels about noble labor leaders which get flayed in the presses of both the Left and the Right. They also do not generally wax quite so dewy-eyed over the wonder of staying married for twelve whole years to the same man as does a reformed reporter for the *Columbus Dispatch*.

However, a great deal of "Love Story" is good, clean, knock-about fun. If there are too many touching scenes at hospital bedsides, too many soap-opera flourishes, and an inordinate italicizing of comic speeches, there are also richly amusing portraits of Hollywood Thinkers, labor organizers, publishers, psychoanalysts, and avant-garde writers. There's a wonderful chapter about Nursery School feeding problems, some excellent advice on how to cope with one's husband's first wife if she keeps hanging around the parlor being nostalgic. It is no doubt ungrateful of me to wish that "Love Story" contained less love and more political comment. McKenney in one of the final chapters says that the Lymans came at last to "the end of our long, long years in the radical movement." But she gives us no clues as to why the journey ended so abruptly. Surely she did not become an apostate simply over bad reviews in *The Daily Worker*. Perhaps she is saving that information for another book and I'm being an old meanie.

In any case, Ruth McKenney *can* write very funny when she puts her mind to it. And if Mrs. Lyman goes in a bit heavily for stars in her eyes and jokes in capital letters, put it down to a probable excess of domestic felicity. Future prospectors need not despair. The family history is still a pure bonanza.

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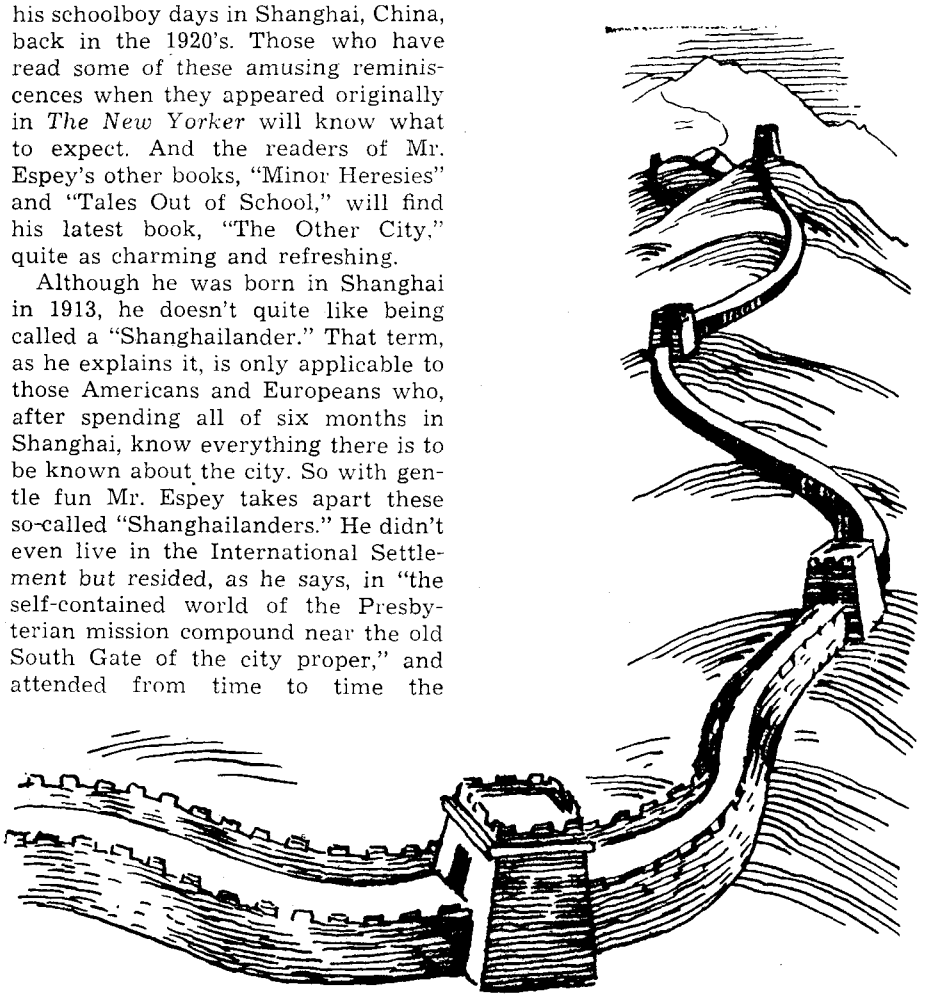
Shanghai School Days

THE OTHER CITY. By John P. Espey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 211 pp. $2.75.

By Carl Glick

HERE, in an amiable and cheerful manner, John P. Espey tells of his schoolboy days in Shanghai, China, back in the 1920's. Those who have read some of these amusing reminiscences when they appeared originally in *The New Yorker* will know what to expect. And the readers of Mr. Espey's other books, "Minor Heresies" and "Tales Out of School," will find his latest book, "The Other City," quite as charming and refreshing.

Although he was born in Shanghai in 1913, he doesn't quite like being called a "Shanghailander." That term, as he explains it, is only applicable to those Americans and Europeans who, after spending all of six months in Shanghai, know everything there is to be known about the city. So with gentle fun Mr. Espey takes apart these so-called "Shanghailanders." He didn't even live in the International Settlement but resided, as he says, in "the self-contained world of the Presbyterian mission compound near the old South Gate of the city proper," and attended from time to time the Shanghai American School and also the Kuling American School.



He tells in "The Other City" many interesting and amusing stories about the people he met during his schoolboy days, among them being the elderly lady with an ear trumpet who thought the only way to keep small boys quiet was to make them solve puzzles. One of the most hilarious chapters concerns the problems young John encountered when he was acting principal on Student Government Day. There were some small boys he had to discipline. There was an irate father to be calmed down. But his big headache was due to a mix-up when there appeared for the assembly program not only a Russian pianist but a group of unexpected Japanese students, who insisted upon playing American tunes in their own way upon harmonicas. How young Espey solved this touchy problem and made both the Russian pianist and the Japanese Harmonica Band happy illustrates how youthful good sense will do more toward avoiding international incidents than any amount of standard protocol as practised by elderly diplomats. Equally entertaining is the story of the lovelorn and passionate South American, who came to John Espey for advice on how to manage two love affairs at one time.

While now and then in his book he touches briefly upon the history of Shanghai, he does not dwell at any length upon his experiences with the Chinese of the city. But we do find in the pages of this book a most readable account of life in an American school in a foreign city, which as Mr. Espey says, was a school typical of any American school in the Orient. He recounts with rare good humor both his failures and triumphs, and with becoming modesty tells how in his seventeenth year he received an award from the Rotary Club as the "most outstanding boy of the graduating class."

"The Other City" should win new readers for Mr. Espey among those who enjoy delightful writing and light-hearted wit. Mr. Espey is now teaching at the University of California at Los Angeles, and no doubt his students will find much enjoyment and have many a chuckle and also food for thought when they read about his schoolboy days.

Filipino Resistants

THE CRUCIBLE. By "Colonel Yay." New York: The Macmillan Co. 348 pp. $3.75.

By Carlos P. Romulo

THIS is not an autobiography in the strict sense of the term. It is told in the first person and the narrative centers around the author and Marking, the guerrilla commander. Yet it is not so much their story as that of the Filipino resistance movement to the Japanese occupation during World War II, of which they were the heroic leaders.

Before the war Yay Panlilio was one of the star reporters of the *Philippines Herald*. After the Japanese conquest she carried with her into the hills, along with her love for freedom and her faith in America, her nose for news, an insatiable curiosity about what was going on, and the desire to put everything significant on the record.

Her book is crammed with the details of camp life, the comings and goings of couriers, the earthy talk of the underground fighters, the endless hide and seek with the enemy, and the grim battle against hunger, sickness, and treachery. It is a reporter's documentation of the mechanism of resistance that enabled a disarmed and captive nation to keep up its fight for liberty against crushing odds. Between the lines and running, as it were, underneath the narrative, we glimpse and feel the mighty current of the Filipino people's desire for freedom, elemental, stronger than the invaders' armies, relentless, and in the end invincible.

How the common men and women of the Philippines carried on the resistance after the fall of Bataan, harassing the enemy for three years and paving the way for the victorious return of the armies of liberation, is now familiar history. They, the common people of the Philippines, are the real heroes of "The Crucible." Marking himself was their exemplar. When his country was invaded Marking was not a soldier; he was a bus driver, rough, unschooled, proud, and sentimental. With nothing but an old rifle and his unconquerable will to fight, he built up an army of underground fighters and operatives which the Japanese were never able to vanquish. He embodied the strengths and the weaknesses of the plain people of the Philippines and symbolized their determination to resist the enemy unto death.

Marking and Yay had the essential qualities for leadership, flaming courage, inflexible determination, cunning, the capacity to absorb repeated beat-

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ings and disappointments, stamina and a contagious, single-minded devotion to the cause that communicated itself to their men and kept their hopes and their spirits alive through the darkest days of the struggle. But without the support of the loyal population in the occupied cities, villages, and towns, they could not have stood for long, nor could they have accomplished as much as they did. No less heroic than they were the thousands of men, women, and mere boys, many of them anonymous, who risked torture and death to give the guerrilla leaders information and supplies, feed their fighters, warn them against attack, and shelter them when they were on the run, their forces scattered and they themselves all but defenseless. Together with the Markings, the Filipino people were tested in the crucible of total war and they were not found wanting.

Colonel Yay has no literary pretensions. She is a reporter first and foremost. She has written an extremely readable book, but has made no effort to invest it with social or political significance. She lets the facts speak for themselves and the intensely personal tone in which she recounts them serves but to emphasize their frankly topical nature and interest. But over and above these limitations, almost, one might say, in spite of them, rises the timeless grandeur of a people's love for freedom, a love which no amount of suppression and brutality could quite extinguish. The countless individual acts of heroism and sacrifice that make up "The Crucible" bear mute but eloquent witness to the enduring vitality of this love for freedom that has enabled the Filipino people to keep their soul and their identity intact through 400 years of bondage under alien rulers. Like a bamboo torch set afire in a rice field on a dark night, Colonel Yay's personal story of the Resistance gives off its own welcome light and enables us to see the characters going about their work. At the same time it illumines, dimly, it is true, but sufficiently to bring it to life, a much larger canvas.

The theme of "The Crucible" tempts one to draw from the book an apt and timely moral. Actually, there is none (the reporter in the author balks at moralizing) except perhaps the message, implicit in every page, that freedom is worth dying for because life would not be worth living without it.

General Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United Nations, is President of the present session of the U.N.'s General Assembly.

Life & Work of the Coal Miners' Boss

JOHN L. LEWIS: An Unauthorized Biography. By Saul Alinsky. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 387 pp. $4.

By Wellington Roe

THIS is a lively, well-written, but partisan account of the life and work of the president of the United Mine Workers of America. The author is a Chicago sociologist who has had a prominent place in the famous "Back of the Yards" movement, which, among other things, has been an effective force for eliminating racial and nationalistic frictions among the members of Chicago unions representing unskilled and semi-skilled workers. Alinsky also has been for many years a friend of John L. Lewis. There is nothing in this book which is likely to embarrass that friendship.

It must at once be granted that there is room in the literature on American trade unions and their leaders for the Lewis story in terms of Lewis's viewpoint. But an apologia for Lewis's kind of trade-union operation is another matter.

Alinsky's work contains many long conversations between himself and Lewis. These chiefly concern controversial matters in which Lewis has been involved, through which the reader is given at least a glimpse of what has gone on behind the famous beetling eyebrows while the nation (and frequently the entire world) looked with mingled awe, admiration, and rage upon Lewis's wars with leaders of industry, other union leaders, members of his own union, and the people and Presidents of the United States. On the other hand, the Alinsky-Lewis talks are bound to be regarded as Lewis's testimony for John L. Lewis.

As a result the work frequently will be judged not on its merits, but through the particular critic's viewpoint on Lewis and his activities since he became head of the miners' union in 1920. Certainly the book is due for a rough reception among the "hate Lewis" coterie, which has its center in the higher echelons of the CIO leadership and includes some of the country's foremost labor reporters. This is unfortunate, for the book deserves better than that. In point of readability, dramatic impact, and reportorial skill it is well above the average of its genre.

However, except for those sections comprised of personal statements by Lewis and Alinsky's comment upon them, the book consists of matter which has been previously published

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Sir!"

by several writers. These are accounts of Lewis's boyhood in a small Iowa mining community, his rambling days as an itinerant mine worker, his beginnings and rapid rise as a trade-union functionary, and the long, bloody battle through which he won dictatorial control over the miners' union. In discussion of this last item Alinsky is at his uncritical worst. Nearly everything Lewis has done is justified. Sometimes the comment is merely naive; in other places it raises considerable doubt of the author's independence.

Thus as history the book is of limited value. Nevertheless, several matters made public for the first time will provide a heyday for historians seeking to evaluate them.

Most intriguing among these is the Lewis version of his feud with Franklin D. Roosevelt. Lewis states he never trusted Roosevelt even when he contributed $500,000 of the Mine Workers' money to the 1936 Democratic Presidential campaign fund. He charges that Roosevelt ordered his telephone tapped and names the late Frank Murphy, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, as his informant. Lewis implies that during the 1943 coal strike the President urged the coal operators to ignore Lewis's proposals so that the resulting struggle could be exploited to destroy him. Obviously, there is today small chance to verify the truthfulness of any of these allegations.

Lewis's bitterest complaint against Roosevelt is that by raiding the leaders of the CIO he sought to isolate Lewis from the labor union he created. As a broad proposition the evidence here seems to support Lewis's

(*Continued on page 37*)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Debate Without End

SINCE the end of the war this country has become a vast debating ground for policies and ideas that have involved us in obligations all over the world. Three years ago the American people had to accept the Truman Plan for military and economic aid to Greece and Turkey and finally the Marshall Plan assisting Western Europe. This prodigious and increasing investment in temporary security was willingly paid by the public in the form of taxes amounting to many billions and, in addition, the public sent an unremitting stream of packages across the Atlantic in an unexampled display of friendship and benevolence. During these years the world has been divided into two coldly antagonistic political and military spheres. The United Nations, on which our hopes for "one world" depended, has become the principal field for the propaganda of the cold war. In the meantime there has been no solution of the portentous problem of atomic and biological warfare.

The scores of books and thousands of articles written in the past proclaiming the end of civilization unless war was outmoded and the world united for peace are now so many dusty answers to problems we have been unable to solve. The shadow of a third world war lies black on the horizon, darkening men's minds and their hopes for the future. Inconceivable as it may seem, we have become used to it as the men and women who work in the vineyards near Stromboli are accustomed to the threat of a sleeping volcano. There was no sign of panic among the people when the news that Russia had made an atomic bomb exploded on the front pages of our newspapers, though it brought to an abrupt end the carefully instilled idea that our long-range bombers armed with atomic war-heads would either make us safe from another war or assure us of winning it if it came.

The subjects the average citizen must now discuss are more numerous and complex than they were in 1947, for, if we have held our own or advanced in Europe, we have lost ground in the Orient. Undoubtedly, people believe that we will have to recognize the Communist conquest of China and accept the extension of the war of ideologies throughout Asia and the Western Pacific. Principally, we will have to argue the astonishing discrepancies in the decisions and opinions of our legislators and diplomats. We will have to discover whether we object to Communism as a way of life for backward nations or only to the dictatorship and the loss of human liberties that accompany it; whether, for example, we should refuse diplomatic recognition and aid to Franco and extend them to Tito. It can be predicted that the people will make sense of this international riddle long before the State Department and the Senate solve it, and that the decision will be that we will lend aid and comfort to any country that is either now directly opposed to the advance of the power and influence of Russia or that shows signs of deviation from the monolithic policies of its agent, the Comintern.

It is logical that failing to gain the one world of which we dreamed, we must hope for a division into the three or four worlds already faintly adumbrated: the Western world centered in the United States and the American continents: its major opponent, aggressive and imperialistic Russian Communism; the recently Communized nations that may center around the Yugoslavian revolt, and, finally, the revived power of Great Britain leagued to its dominions. It is common sense to expect that the British world cannot remain either an economic or political satellite of the United States. We must this year prepare our minds for this friendly diversion, and for a British view of Communism that differs sharply from ours; in fact, to use the recent words of a prominent English Socialist, a conception of Chinese Communism "as a liberating force which may provide the kind of authoritarian regime that was in Europe the immediate prelude to feudalism and the necessary prelude to political democracy." We do not have to agree with this British pundit that British Socialism "is making nonsense of the Truman doctrine and the Molotov doctrine as well."

In this year of national elections we must show ourselves as patient and as resolved and as outwardly united as we have been since we plunged into the war in 1941. Above all, we must come to terms with ourselves and with Russia, if that is conceivable, about atomic weapons. Otherwise we will have to build that overwhelming engine of destruction now known as the hydrogen bomb. The news of this expected but hidden development has been accepted by the public with remarkable fortitude, if not lethargy. If we lived for a time in terror of the A-bomb, we might have been expected to panic at the revelation that the H-bomb may be a thousand times more effective and that, furthermore, there seems to be no definite limit to its size and consequently to the deadliness of its explosion. It is ironic that the heat generated for a single moment by the A-bomb will serve only as the fuse for this new monstrosity, so that the weapon that in our imagination was to bring an end to civilization has been reduced in relative importance to the match that a small boy might use to explode a giant firecracker on the Fourth of July. Faced with all of these problems and others yet unknown that will be produced from them by chain reaction, we must find new and wise and tolerant writers and more mediums in which they can express themselves. There was never a time when the written word was more vital to the people of this country and to what used to be known as "the wave of the future."

—H. S.

Flying Blind

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

THIS is eternal chaos — nothing here
Has shape or shadow. Drowned in milky light
Not memory itself can vision clear
A focused world in this inverted night.
No dark was ever formless as this fog,
Its very whiteness pale with vague surmise;
Without end or beginning, thick mists clog
Defaulting windows from our straining eyes.
Space without form and void—however far,
Is there firm earth, where dark and shadows are?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Our Movies Abroad

SIR: Your editorial "The Free Ride" [*SRL* Jan. 21] regarding the unwise choice of films sent abroad and the erroneous idea they give of the character and education of the average American struck me very forcibly.

I so well recall an experience I had as far back as 1937. I was stopping at the Dolphin Hotel in Southampton awaiting the arrival of my steamer home. One evening I attended a neighboring cinema and was truly shocked at the trash exported by Hollywood. According to what I saw on the screen, every American was an uneducated gold-digger, quite unable to express himself except by the use of slang and incorrect English. I was so depressed by what I had seen that I held forth at great length to the poor lady at the desk defending our culture, manners, and language. She tried to console me by explaining that I had not been to their best theatre, but that did not help much.

On another occasion I was travelling through the Wye Valley on a bus. Some remark made by my seat neighbor caused me to mention that I had come a great distance in order to be able to enjoy this lovely scenery. She looked at me in utter amazement and remarked "I am so glad to know a real American. I had judged you all by the cinema and imagined you as being quite rude and vulgar."

These incidents occurred before World War II. It seems as though the necessity for the right sort of propaganda were more important than ever in introducing ourselves to the foreign public. How can we impress the movie magnates with that fact?

ZERLINE MORJE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: To your excellent condemnation of Hollywood's conception of the USA, an A+!

While in India and Pakistan about a year ago I constantly endeavored to correct the misconceptions of America caused by our films, and I can readily sympathize with you in your feelings experienced while attending showings of our pictures in foreign cities.

I was continually asked by the Indians, Pakistanis, Britishers, and Swiss whom I met abroad whether the USA is actually as depicted in the films, and I sincerely hope that my efforts to portray a more realistic picture met with at least partial success.

Please make every effort to have the Jan. 21 issue of *SRL* widely circulated in Hollywood.

DONALD K. TEAD.

New York, N. Y.

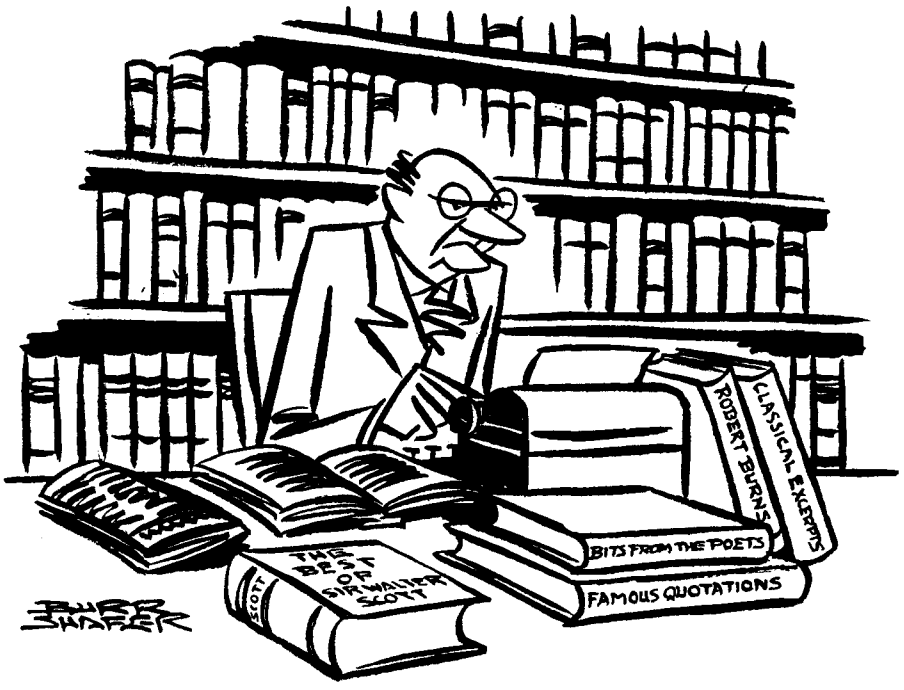
Good-If-Not-Great

SIR: When one of the most delightful and charming pieces of literature that I have encountered in some time gets the shabby review that Thomas Sugrue gave "The Three Wishes of Jamie McRuin" [*SRL* Jan. 7] I enter my protest. Mr. Sugrue says that as literature "The Three Wishes" "has no value whatsoever." One may ask whether his idea of literature is erotica such as "A Rage to Live," or does he believe, in awed reverence, that only Men with Messages write Literature? Perhaps "Jamie McRuin" isn't great literature but, in my opinion, it is good literature and certainly worth any ten of most of the current claptrap novels that I suspect must pass for literature in Mr. Sugrue's eyes.

I would add that I am not a Catholic, not Irish, and had never heard of the Christopher Award till this book came along, nor did I think the book was particularly Christian. Just good literature like "Messer Marco Polo" or "Lavengro."

WELLES A. GRAY.

Harrisburg, Pa.



"One would assume that any schoolchild would instantly realize that the quotation used in your Wednesday editorial, which you credit to 'Bobbie' Burns, was in fact the creation of Sir Walter Scott and appeared . . ."

"Stinky Pinky"

SIR: Daniel H. Sheingold reports [LETTERS, *SRL* Jan. 14] that the plague has at long last reached Boston party circles. We wore it out, we thought, around three years ago. For his rejection or collection:

Explosion in a hen-house.
Answer: Gizzard Blizzard.
Rough-and-ready practitioner.
Answer: Denture Wrencher.
The thinner and more inebriated of two combative authors.
Answer: Slighter, Tighter, Writer Fighter.

R. E. MORGAN.

Seattle, Wash.

Scalpers, Then and Now

SIR: After reading Bennett Cerf's comments [TRADE WINDS, *SRL* Jan. 14] on the phenomenal popularity of "South Pacific," I turned to Hesketh Pearson's recent life of Charles Dickens to check a remembered paragraph. Here it is for purposes of comparison:

> Not more than six seats were sold to a single applicant, and at first the speculators offered as much as twenty-six dollars for a two-dollar ticket; but when it became clear that there would be an enormous demand they engaged people to take places in the queue, and in this way the more daring of them were able to secure three hundred seats at cost price and sell them at a fabulous profit . . . Such members of the public as could not afford to pay fifty dollars for a five-dollar seat assumed that Dickens's manager was responsible for the high prices, and Dolby became "the most unpopular and best-abused man in America." . . . But the real trouble was caused by the willingness of rich people to pay almost any sum demanded by their smart fellow countrymen for the privilege of hearing Dickens read.

MARY KATHARINE REELY.

Glen Lake, Minn.

The Setting Sun

SIR: I suppose I shall be among many who will write you to express appreciation for Irving Kolodin's essay "The Death of The Sun" [*SRL* Jan. 28]. *It is indeed a beautiful piece* of writing.

FLORENCE VINCENT BURNS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I believe that the reason for the death of *The Sun* was simply that it failed to change over into a "Bebop Journal." Long ago the Hearst papers set the great vogue of sensational journalism glorifying intimate studies of

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murders, rape, and crimes based on frustrated love.

Let us examine *The Sun* at the time of its death. The news was printed in type that did not strain the eyes, and the material was set up and arranged with dignity and style. *The Sun*'s news presentation did not scare or excite the daylights out of a reader at first glance. If many persons would brush aside dignity in a journal as irrelevant, how about the many distinguished features? I refer to the education section, the real-estate coverage, the extensive sports coverage, Henry McBride, J. B. Wallach on business affairs, and certainly Irving Kolodin, who held forth brilliantly in pertinent comment on music and its trends. For those who disliked *The Sun*'s editorials, and I was one, there were numerous periodicals of specialized comment that would conform with one's political views. However, a great newspaper is not one that necessarily has an editorial policy that is in agreement with an individual's own purposes, but one which covers the many interests and activities common to our culture with dignity, authority, integrity. This *The Sun* did.

GEORGE MARQUISEE.

New York, N. Y.

People of Prejudice

SIR: With the main theme of H. A. Overstreet's article on "The Gentle People of Prejudice" [*SRL* Jan. 21] it is impossible to take issue. Race prejudice is a vestigial remainder of barbarism and, unlike some other vestigial remainders such as painted toenails and a taste for boogie-woogie, is demonstrably harmful both to the individual and to society.

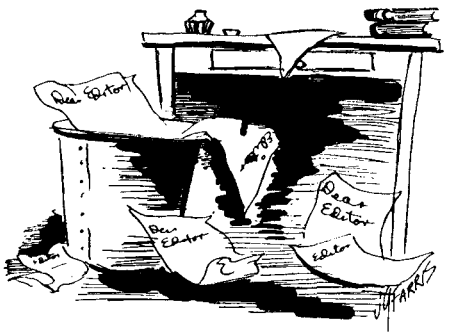
Nevertheless, in his treatment of the theme Mr. Overstreet has written at least three passages that permit the intrusion of a doubt that his approach to his subject is always that of the Mature Mind. We have Mr. Overstreet's own testimony to the effect that the Mature Mind bases its judgments on facts, that it insists on taking into consideration all the relevant facts, and that it is capable of a fine discrimination in giving more weight to a significant fact than to an insignificant one.

The first of these dubious passages reads as follows:

> The prevailing stereotypes about the Negro—that he is by nature shiftless, lazy, mentally inferior, lawless, sexually unsafe to have around—have no basis in truth whatsoever.

No? Then there is no basis of truth whatsover in the Biblical assertion that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." There is no basis of truth in Hobbes's observation that life in a state of nature is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." There is no basis of truth whatsoever in the assumption that the Negro is like all other races in that it takes the processes of civilization to raise him above the level of the savage. At Jamestown, in 1608, Captain John Smith discovered that Englishmen, including English gentlemen, were "by nature" shiftless, lazy, mentally inferior, lawless, and sexually unsafe, and he battered decency and sense into them with a heavy hand.

The masses of the Negro race have



been acting on their own responsibility for less than a hundred years. That they—the masses, I mean, not exceptionally gifted individuals who have run far ahead—have so nearly pulled abreast of the whites in so short a time is one of the greatest race achievements in human history. But that they have actually pulled abreast Gunnar Myrdal, at least, does not admit; he, too, refers, of course, to the masses, not to exceptionally gifted, or exceptionally privileged individuals.

But the necessary implication of this situation is a fact that Mr. Overstreet does not take into consideration—the fact that while it is hard for any human being to rid himself of the prejudices that all human beings harbored in a state of savagery, it is doubly hard when one is called on to regard without prejudice those who, in the mass, are not yet equal, but only by way of becoming so.

The second dubious passage reads as follows:

> The moral sickness that is in most prejudiced people of the dominant group is that they have learned to stand by and do nothing. They do not go to lynchings, but they do nothing to create a condition of human dignity that would make lynchings impossible.

The fact is that, according to the records of the Tuskegee Institute, lynchings in this country averaged a fraction under 105 a year in the first five years of this century, and in the past five years they have averaged a fraction over three a year. A reduction from 104-plus to three-plus certainly indicates that something has been done to discourage lynchings. These prejudiced people, far from having "learned to stand by and do nothing," have learned to do something remarkably effective, and that in the face of their prejudice.

The third passage is the conclusion of Mr. Overstreet's article. It reads:

> This is the image we need to build of the people who claim white supremacy and Christian superiority. They are intellectually and morally sick people. What is worse, they are sick people who try to make their own sickness the measure of their society's health.

Prior to 1865 the typical Negro in the Southern states was property belonging to a white man or, occasionally, to another Negro. In 1950 no Negro is property, but the Negro race owns property in the Southern states running into thousands of millions. Prior to 1865 it was illegal to teach a slave to read; in 1950 in every Southern state Negro children are compelled by law to learn to read, and that at public expense. No Southern state forbids a Negro to own and/or to enter any business, trade, or profession for which he can fit himself; and there are now Negroes in every business, trade, and profession. In business, law, medicine, pedagogy, and theology Southern Negroes, living in the South, have gained money and reputation.

It is beyond dispute that the white South is prejudiced, and it is beyond dispute that race prejudice is moral sickness. But when the figures on the chart show beyond question that a man's fever is subsiding, and has been subsiding for a considerable period, it seems to me that "the image we need to build" is that of a convalescent, for whom there is not only hope, but steadily brightening hope.

Furthermore, I think Mr. Overstreet will concede that in studying human relations the Mature Mind never deals in abstractions, but always allows for the modifications imposed by circumstances. I am sure that he will agree that no Mature Mind would regard George Washington as a criminal because he distilled his own liquor and held Negroes in bondage, although President Truman would be a criminal if he tried either.

If the mind of Marie Antoinette was hardly mature when it suggested that if the people lacked bread, let them eat cake, it seems to me that the same condemnation lies upon an argument for unprejudiced attitudes without any consideration of what those attitudes may cost people in different circumstances. The unprejudiced attitude is admirable, even when it costs nothing: but when it costs a great deal, in money, in prestige, and in labor, then it is not merely admirable, it is magnificent. That is maturity indeed.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

SIR: May I heartily congratulate *SRL* for "The Gentle People of Prejudice." Heaven only knows, we need the bold and stirring words of a philosopher and a man of action on a question of such vital importance.

EMANUEL LEVINE.

Newark, N. J.

SIR: So simply written and so exact a reflection of the moral image of our nation is H. A. Overstreet's article that it deserves to be as widely disseminated as possible—a couple of hundred reprints in each census-taker's kit might not be a bad idea! I have read many articles on prejudice, but few have had the virtues of clarity, terseness, and universal application of this one. That it gave me cause to reexamine myself is sufficient evidence to me of its effectiveness, for I find to the chagrin of my conscience that I am among the unwitting condoners who believe themselves without prejudice but do nothing constructive about rehabilitating or amending our national morality—perhaps we of that guilty majority may look to Mr. Overstreet for some solid counseling on "ways and means" for working out our salvation in constructive penance by way of curing this "intellectual and moral sickness" in our society.

CARLTON C. HERRICK.

New York, N. Y.

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Poetry. *Modern Greek poetry has at last found its superlative translator in the truly re-creative work of Rae Dalven. Of modern Scandinavian not this much may be said, although in the original it is fresh and vigorous. James Norman Hall and Rumer Godden, both well known for their fiction, appear with long poems of unusual merit, Miss Godden's being, in the opinion of her poet-reviewer, a small masterpiece. John Ciardi, a modern young American poet, is one of those most worth reading, while the late Theodore Spencer developed a new brief form that is a real delight. No less an authority than Edith Hamilton praises an English version of Oedipus Rex by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Here again the full meaning of the Greek, this time the ancient language, is given play. An honest and forthright soldier poet, Hargis Westerfield, and a book of poetry by the highly acclaimed Thomas Merton are also analyzed below.*

Echoes of Hellas Today

MODERN GREEK POETRY. Translated and edited by Rae Dalven, with statements by William Rose Benét and Mark Van Doren. New York: Gaer Assoc. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

By George Zabriskie

A RECENT photograph of Constitution Square in Athens shows towering above it, on the Hotel New Angleterre, a sign in Greek: "Radio-RCA-Television." Above the sign rises the ruins of the Acropolis.

This year Cooper Union, in New York City, held an international exhibition of engineering drawings. Those from Greece were singled out for technical reasons, and for their trilingual inscriptions: Greek, French, English.

Modern Greek poetry, from its beginnings to our contemporaries, goes beyond the signs of Constitution Square and the trilingual technical drawings in its cosmopolitanism, for necessity has forced its writers to a polylingual life and dispersed residences. From the poets of the romantic revival to those of the modern movement, Athens, Alexandria, London, Paris, Rome, Padua, and the university cities of Germany have been stopping places, home, and burial grounds. If one has the enterprise to think of Henry James as being more "American" than Mark Twain, one can realize why, in this kind of paradox, these Greek poets are always Greek no matter where they live or what they bring home.

Indeed, it might be said of many Greek poets that they have been exiles from all but their language, and in the cases of some of the nineteenth-century poets represented here, the language itself was a late discovery, as Russian was for Tolstoy. Many of them, even Dionysios Solymos and Andreas Calvos, the two great figures of the early nineteenth century, wrote poems in Italian before turning to their native tongue. Later poets have been interested in other languages: translations of Byron, Baudelaire, Poe, Whitman, Mallarmé, Rilke, and T. S. Eliot have been made by writers included in Miss Dalven's anthology. Yet these foreign sources, literally from Schiller to surrealism, have been used in such a way that for the most part the term "influence" as we usually think of it does not apply.

From the anonymous *demotic* ballads to the work of our contemporaries, there seems to be a common element in the acceptance of total insecurity. It is based on the circumstances of life in Greece since the fall of Byzantium, making a fierce struggle for existence the only possible way of living; and from this value of life comes a resentful acceptance of the inevitability of death, symbolized as a lurking threat against which there is always the delusive hope of struggle. The acceptance of what are psychologically and physically desperate situations appears as an element of the present and as an historical anxiety which cannot be remotely felt without reading the poems.

But the attitude of the modern Greeks must not be confused with the ancient ideas of *ananke:* in fact, the Greeks have an indigenous attitude toward their history and myth which is quite different from that of the rest of Europe and America. As the ancient Acropolis rears itself above the neon lights of modern Athens, it serves as a symbol of the ever-present past, which by the very pressure of its physical existence forces every native Greek to adopt some outlook, if only the reaction of ignoring it.

In the nineteenth century the past was romanticized and, as Miss Dalven points out, the stilted linguistic artifact of the *katharevousa*, or purist, dates from this period.

Not until the coming of Constantine P. Cavafy (1868-1933) do we find a fresh and highly creative exploitation of the past. Cavafy, who spent most of his life in Alexandria, is identified with the Hellenistic period, which he used to project the psychological realities of the present. While Calvos, the romantic, ends his great poem "The Ocean" with an impassioned and somewhat incongruous patriotic stanza. Cavafy, the realist in exile, ends more than one poem with an impassioned shrug of his shoulders:

Some messengers returned from the border
They say barbarians no longer exist.

Now what shall we do without any barbarians?
Those people provided some sort of solution.

Again and again the rhetorical question with an answer, the reproach to a befuddled world occurs in his poems. He constantly reminds his reader that everything of importance makes no difference to most people. As in Breughel's picture of Icarus, the plowman never notices the first flyer falling into the sea.

Since Cavafy's time contemporary Greek poetry has taken a direction which might be described as a kind of neo-symbolism, if we accept the term as being only approximate and, like all approximate terms, possibly misleading.

"The Odyssey" of Nicholas Kazantzakis, fragments of which are in the anthology, bids for attention as being one of the more interesting long poems of our time. Although the title and some of the episodes derive from ancient Greece, the post-Homeric adventures of the hero are close to the predicaments of one in a contemporary limbo. Odysseus is a modern man, despite his ancient dress, just as Cavafy's historical characters are deliberately modern, and in some ways "The Odyssey" might as well serve as sequel to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" as to Homer. The hero's final "Hymn to the Sun," when his craft is overwhelmed by Death's iceberg, shines through the translation.

Like Kazantzakis, Georgios Seferis uses the past, often the Homeric past,

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but in a totally different way. It is a shadow, given meaning by a kind of remote human contact, as in "The King of Asine" (not in this anthology) where the chance that the Homeric king and the poet have touched the same stones serves as a symbolic limitation of all the past. The poem, which Miss Dalven has translated, brings out the theme of remoteness in another way:

But night has no faith in the dawn,
and love lives to weave death,
just as the free soul
a cistern teaching silence
within the burning city.

Odysseus Elytis, the poet who appears last in the anthology, is concerned with the human mystery in terms quite his own. His "Marina of the Rocks" is

Pillared on the rocks without a yesterday or tomorrow
on the perils of rocks with the combing of the storm
you will give final greeting to your enigma.

Like the modern Greek, it is caught between the stony trap of history and the stormy snares of the future.

English poets and critics have been aware of the importance of contemporary Greek poetry for at least a decade. Georgios Seferis and the late Demetrios Capatanakis (whose work is strangely omitted by Miss Dalven) have both had translated volumes published in Great Britain, and a translation of Cavafy is forthcoming. Other Greek poets have been published from time to time in John Lehmann's "New Writing" collections. However, Miss Dalven's anthology is the first significant American approach to the subject, and she has been remarkably comprehensive. The task of translating a whole anthology covering the period from the Byzantine to our own is, by the nature of prosodic and other difficulties, impossible, and it is much to Miss Dalven's credit that she has tried the impossible and come as near to success as anyone can. Her translations are often able to stand comparison with others of the same poets without suffering. It is a curious experience to encounter such a wide variety of writers translated by the same person with, happily, not a disappointment. Her errors are on the side of a straightforward presentation, where our time wants its errors, just as the Victorians often preferred theirs, in the direction of stylistic embroidery.

The preface, entitled "The Growth of Modern Greek Poetry," is more concerned with the struggle between the *katharevousa* and *demotic* than with other factors in the background of the actual poetry involved, but it is well organized and informative. After all, through her translations the poets can speak for themselves.

George Zabriskie won the Irene P. Glasscock Memorial Prize in 1940 and is author of "The Mind's Geography."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE NTH DEGREE

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., lists twenty superlative items that appear in famous literary works. Can you match them with their authors on the right? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. Cruelest month	( ) Lord Byron
2. Fleetest end	( ) Thomas Campbell
3. Fondest hopes	( ) C. C. Colton
4. Goodliest man	( ) Walter de la Mare
5. Greatest torture	( ) Emily Dickinson
6. Heaviest words	( ) T. S. Eliot
7. Largest heart	( ) David Garrick
8. Meanest of amours	( ) Thomas Gray
9. Mildest manner'd man	( ) Walter Savage Landor
10. Most beautiful lady	( ) Charles Mackay
11. Nearest room	( ) John Milton
12. Noblest work	( ) Thomas Moore
13. Purest ray	( ) William Morris
14. Sincerest flattery	( ) Alexander Pope
15. Smallest effort	( ) John G. Saxe
16. Sweetest isle	( ) A. C. Swinburne
17. Strangest liberties	( ) Francis Thompson
18. Surest to the goal	( ) Henry van Dyke
19. Weariest river	( ) John Webster
20. Worst of slaves	( ) Edward Young

Youth's Smorgasbord

MODERN NORWEGIAN POEMS. Selected by Inga Wilhelmsen Allwood. New York: Bonnier's. 47 pp. 75¢.

MODERN DANISH POEMS. Selected by Knud K. Mogensen. The same.

By Charles Wharton Stork

MODERN Scandinavian poetry has a fresh and vigorous impact, which may be earthy, spiritual, or both combined. It is, therefore, with keen expectations that one encounters these two volumes, which are to form part of "A Twentieth Century Nordic Anthology," edited by Martin S. Allwood.

The result, however, is somewhat disappointing. In the first place, we have only twenty-two pages of original text in each, which is a very skimpy smörgåsbord considering the abundance at the editor's disposal. Furthermore the accent is laid too strongly on the younger, more experimental writers. The material purports to represent Danish and Norwegian poetry since 1900, but excludes almost everything of the more conservative type, even that by living authors. There is, for instance, nothing in the Danish volume by Johannes V. Jenson, the Nobel Prize winner, or by Seedorff Pedersen, a charming and accomplished master of the rhymed stanza, though Pedersen was born as late as 1892. Most surprising of all is the omission of Kaj Munk, 1898-1944, murdered by the Nazis, and by far the most popular poet of Denmark during the war. The Norwegian volume is better in this respect, but surely more space could have been given to Herman Wildenvey, Nordahl Grieg, and Gunnar Reiss-Andersen. The general effect is, therefore, somewhat rasping and chaotic.

The translations into English verse are sometimes spirited, sometimes adequate, and occasionally very bad. What can one say, for instance, of such a couplet as

For in our dread perplexity and blind
To conquest or to prey turns all we find?

And yet, despite all these drawbacks, the novice in Scandinavian poetry can make some pleasant and vital acquaintances among such writers as Nis Petersen, Tom Kristensen, and Tove Ditlevsen among the Danes, as well as Rudolf Nielsen, Tove Orjasaeter, and others of the Norwegians. It is just a pity to feel that these two books could have been so much better in nearly every way.

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—*From "In Noah's Ark."*

Wrongs with the World & Pegasus

A WORD FOR HIS SPONSOR. By James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 116 *pp.* $3.

IN NOAH'S ARK. By Rumer Godden. New York: The Viking Press. 62 *pp.* $2.50.

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

AS ANY m.c. might remark, James Norman Hall is too well known in his own right and as part of the team of Nordhoff and Hall of "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Pitcairn Island," and other stirring prose works fame, to need any introduction. "A Word for His Sponsor" is, however, Mr. Hall's first venture into poetry. It is a narrative poem, a fantasy in rhymed pentameter, interspersed with lyric passages. In his foreword the author explains the inception of his idea for the book. It was begun in 1947, in Tahiti, where Mr. Hall listened every evening to the news broadcasts, the grim and depressing bulletins from the sickroom of the world. And it occurred to him, as it has to many, that the newscaster might find it unbearable to dish out, night after night, the same bad news

With never a word of hope or cheer
For listeners, save those of Bentley's
Beer. . . .

Chester White, the young commentator in Mr. Hall's fantasy, finds it just that, and in the midst of a broadcast he suddenly puts down the microphone and walks out. In a blend of realism and fantasy, Mr. Hall allows Chet White and four other people to speak their minds about what is wrong with the world, and to offer what solutions they can. These five—Chet; Mrs. Bentley (the wife of the sponsor); Helen, Chet's fiancee; an eccentric character, Samuel Oliver Saver (Uncle SOS), who lives in the city dump, and a poet, Ben Young, introduced only through his verses, meet in the park, where Chet, after his walkout, sits glumly on a bench. Their opinions are what might be the opinions of a cross-section of humanity—their fears, their hopes, their feelings about who, or what, is to blame for the state of the world. Mrs. Bentley and Uncle SOS blame the men of science:

the giant minds, not, as some suppose,
Giant in wisdom . . .
The dangerous kind whose ignorance
destroys
What sane men cherish: Life. . . .

Chet and Ben Young and Helen, all from variant viewpoints, blame men's inability to grasp the worth of men's essential dignity and integrity, the gift of Consciousness

Which we perhaps alone
In all the realms of Being
Unworthily possess . . .
The essence, thrice distilled,
Of Consciousness.
If this were poured into a crystal bowl
As beautiful as Light,
Call it our human Holy Grail,
Then held aloft against the threat of
Night. . . .

In the fantasy the world comes to a cataclysmic atomic end and these five, and a few others, survive. But they face amid the ruin the prospects of a better world to be rebuilt.

It turns out to be a dream, of course, while Chet sits on his bench. But Mr. Hall makes it a vivid and credible dream, with all a dream's acceptable dramatic exaggeration. It isn't great poetry, by any means; it is occasionally obvious and a bit prosy, but it has tremendous sincerity and human sympathy, and one feels in it that quality of Consciousness which Ben Young (alias James Norman Hall) strives for and, in several lovely lyric passages, makes eloquent and plain.

* * *

THE animals came in two by two to the Ark. But there was one who had no mate. He was white, milk white, and his wings glimmered and his hooves struck light. He was Pegasus, he was Imagination, he was that State of Grace called Poetry. Ham said bluntly, "He is a horse with wings."

In this enchanting allegory, whose deceptive lightness masks a profound and moving truth, Rumer Godden shows the effect of that disturbing, beautiful Presence on the inhabitants of the Ark and, by implication, what it continues to do to the descendants of that crew. The immediate drama is the essential conflict between Pegasus and Ham. "I shall make a poet of Ham," said Pegasus. But Ham was a plain man, and he distrusted what he could not tame and resented what he could not understand and define.

This is an extremely adult book, and yet it has that lovely childlike quality which myth and fable have, a sort of ingenious ingenuousness and wise innocence. It juxtaposes comedy and pathos, colloquialism and passages of classic dignity and poetic speech; it has a playful wit and originality and it makes use of allusion in a most deft manner.

The animals of this temporary peaceable kingdom are at once actual and fabulous. Miss Godden has achieved a remarkable blend of realism and fantasy in her portrayal of life in the Ark. They speak and philosophize with Noah and Ham and Shem and Japheth, and they take their symbolic part in the drama of what Pegasus's presence and influence mean, but one sees them graphically in their fur and feathers and scales—the lamb "whose brain was little clots of wool"; the dove, "whose neck was soft and as she walked about her breast would fall and swell, fall and swell; her feet were red and she was gray and all agog for love"; and the great noble-ruffed lion with his burning eyes, and the trouble-making snake, and the devil-may-care gentleman in polished black, the raven.

Miss Godden is well known for her prose novels; this is her first published poetry. I am sure that her host of admirers will find it, as I did, a small masterpiece — stimulating, beautifully artistic, and wholly satisfying.

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A Professor's Purse

LIVE ANOTHER DAY. By John Ciardi. New York: Twayne Publishers. 88 pp. $2.

By I. L. Salomon

PREOCCUPIED with the modern scene, his sensibilities affected by a world in turmoil, John Ciardi possesses a young poet's fire and wit. In a sensible foreword he makes a bid for an intelligent audience and adduces rules of thumb rather than poetic dicta before he permits his poems to speak for him. They do, in approximately fifty lively poems, not all equally sustained, but inescapably modern.

The reader new to poetry may be alienated by the difficulties in Part I but if he bears with the poet he will see the devices used in this section achieve completeness in Parts II and III, by far the best of the seven in the book. Ciardi, a skilled craftsman, has a flair for giving a common expression urgency, as in "practice makes death's perfect balance." If this seems merely a trick, he can also write, "Nothing in our beginnings knows our ends." He is proficient in letting a symbol proceed from a configuration, as in "To Judith Asleep." The sensuous image evoked of the body, "abandoned and naked, all let down/In ferny streams of sleep and petaled thighs" is a pre-Raphaelite conceit resolved with casual appraisal in "Time still must tick *this is, I am, we are.*"

He writes in his surest idiom in the integrated sections "The Parents of Things" and "Four Poems for Year's End." "My life waits on this street," he says in "Homecoming-Massachusetts." He tells his students, "All final reckoning is by institution." And he speaks with admirable irony in "Vale":

Then, too, there came the specialist from the sea:
Culture's ambassador to all assistant professors
Presented a British glottal to the press
And swapped a charming competence of manner
For God-knows-what-he-knew and never said,
But went away well honored and well paid.

If "it takes a whole house to put a child to bed," Ciardi also knows how a child can run from "terror unashamed/For mother's refuge for the thing unnamed."

Despite his use of several egregious expressions, John Ciardi's skilful projections on a variety of themes in various verse forms and the particularity with which he chooses dissonances, not to shock but to awaken the ear, make him an artist completely absorbed by his craft. In "A Guide to Poetry," a satire concluding the book, he takes the experimental extremists for a literary ride. Whatever they may say of him, no intelligent reader ought to pass this book by.

The Whole Man

AN ACRE IN THE SEED. By Theodore Spencer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 68 pp. $2.50.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THIS volume is not better than Spencer's "Poems 1940-1947"—but it is just as good. Those readers of poetry lucky enough to own "Poems 1940-1947" will know how superlative that praise is. Those who are not acquainted with Spencer's work would do well to repair the omission at once; else they will miss an experience that is uncommon in modern poetry: the experience of contact with experience, as conveyed by a poet who is simultaneously modern and traditional, serene and questioning, simple and subtle, thoughtful and musical, ironic and tender.

For Theodore Spencer, who was Boylston professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard until his untimely death early last year, was interested at all times in "the human personality as a whole"; and, in fact, the picture presented in the sixty-six self-sufficient sestets that make up "An Acre in the Seed" is preeminently that of that rara avis the whole man. Each of the poems is an arrow sped straight to the target: the target is various, but in the end is one, for Spencer, a true metaphysical, saw constantly the eternal unity in the temporal diversity. The focus shifts, but the vision is always double.

Because his gaze was steady, he was never completely gay (though many of these stanzas may pass for "light verse") nor completely sad (though intimations of mortality are never wholly absent). There is warmth, and a faith in such old-fashioned things as Love, the Muse, and Free Will, but without sentimentality. Aided by a conversational tone, which saves him from the patness of the epigram, Spencer manages again and again the miracle of seeming effortlessness—and, with it, feats of concision that, as Marianne Moore notes, "one envies."

"An Acre in the Seed" is, and surely will remain, a permanent delight: poetry of experience which is lucid and witty, immediate and ultimate.

Triumph in Tragedy

SOPHOCLES' OEDIPUS REX: An English Version. By Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 109 pp. $2.50.

By Edith Hamilton

THIS is an excellent translation of the most famous of Greek tragedies. We have learned to expect much from Mr. Fitts and Mr. Fitzgerald since they first published a version of the "Alcestis" of Euripides and proved that a Greek play could be put into English which was veritably English, not a mongrel mixture of Greek idioms and English words.

Their "Oedipus Rex" is a still greater triumph because of the greater difficulty of translating Sophocles. His bare, austere style is of all styles the hardest to reproduce. It is so fatally easy while trying to avoid un-Sophoclean ornamentation to fall into the deadly commonplace, which is even more un-Sophoclean. But that is a consideration rarely entertained by translators. There would be fewer of them if it were more common. Jebb, Sophocles's devoted admirer, could never have asked himself if his careful accuracy was producing anything remotely like the original. He could write comfortably: "If thou art to rule this land even now thou art its lord, 'tis better to be lord of men than of a waste, since neither walled town nor ship is anything if it is void and no man dwell therein." Of course that is not Sophocles at all. It is just very tiresome. The English equivalents of the Greek are there, but the significance has gone. It was bound up with the beauty of the expression and it could not survive without it. But in the hands of our two authors it comes to life:

No man questions your power to rule the land:
But rule over men, not over a dead city.
Ships are only hulls, citadels are nothing,
When no life moves in the empty passage ways.

These four lines, slight as they are, show the translators' method and their power, too. The full meaning of the Greek passage is there and nothing has been added, but it is no longer tiresome. This is an achievement indeed. Few things are more difficult than to say something clear and simple in a way that gives it distinction, but no one should translate Sophocles who cannot do that. Mr. Fitts and Mr. Fitzgerald by some magic of their own can do it.

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Day-by-Day Fighting

WORDS INTO STEEL. By Hargis Westerfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 96 pp. $2.75.

By A. M. SULLIVAN

THE poet warriors of World War II are either few in number or extremely reluctant to take an objective attitude toward their combat experience. They eschew the romantic attitude of Seeger, Kilmer, and Brooks, and the despairing realism of Sassoon, Thomas, Owen, and MacLeish.

One of the few poets to record his day-by-day fighting experience is Hargis Westerfield, who in a variety of unrhymed line lengths presents highly dramatic and concisely reported poetic incidents of the war in the Pacific. At times the starkness of his sharply accented lines gives the effect of prose telegrams. Flights of lyric beauty are few, but there is a continuous chain of incidents, revealing a poet of deep emotion in his love of flag and fellow man, proud, compassionate, and affirmative:

The great poems yet unwritten
Wait for you within mortar range
Past the pits and the poising
Sleek steel tubes, and the mortarmen
Deftly dropping the vaned shell
Down the deep barrel.

To this poet the poem is made in the travail of living, of dying, of vicarious pain in the suffering of his "buddies," of excited praise for the heroism of an individual making a noble but vain sacrifice of his life to aid a wounded friend. All of this honest, forthright statement is found in the soldier poet Westerfield, whose power and candor overcome a host of weaknesses, for his poetry is often wordy, repetitive, and preachy. Some of Westerfield's longer lines have a music that is missing in the staccato narrative poems. In the "Isle of Jappen," we find a lyric ease:

Waist-deep in chill clean waters; there
I sat and the wanderlust
Dropped down upon me: and I
dreamed of Jappen:

With the poet we watch Company G, 163 Infantry Regiment, dwindle in action against the Japs. The prose note is quite as effective as the poems in conveying the poetic impulses of the young man, burned by a grenade, scraped by coral, and heartsick at the loss of his friends. Mr. Westerfield identifies his rhymeless lines as "Angle-Saxon." There are some alliteration and strong accents, but I cannot reconcile Mr. Westerfield's poetry with the premise that he borrows his versification from the Old English metrical patterns.

The first dayes worke.
The seconde dayes worke.
The thirde dayes worke.
The fourth dayes worke.
The fifth dayes worke.
The sixte dayes worke.

—From the first printed English Bible, 1535.

Where Silence Is a Ministry

THE TEARS OF THE BLIND LIONS. By Thomas Merton. New York: New Directions. 32 pp. $1.25.

By ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

THESE seventeen poems were written under a monastic rule of great austerity, where "night is our diocese and silence is our ministry." But they abound with that energy which for William Blake was eternal delight. In a poem subtitled "On the Contemplative Vocation" Thomas Merton characteristically chooses as symbol for "those who by vow lie buried in the cloister or the hermitage" the quickening of St. John the Baptist in his mother's dark womb when he heard the sound of Mary's voice sing "in the stone valley like a Charterhouse bell." The unborn baby bounds with its echoes and sings in his cell with burning joy. Ecstasy is his apostolate, "for whom to kick is *contemplata tradere.*" Whitman also, in "Passage to India," wrote: "Bounding O soul thou journeyest forth," and there is something very American in the images of violence, voyaging, and wrestling with wild nature which fill these poems. Stars tumble down, the hot globe shrivels and cracks, the murderous seasons are full of thunder and lightning, silence is louder than a cyclone, poems boil out of the cold forest, and the author rides God's rails like an express.

This Americanism becomes explicit in the magnificent poem to Christopher Columbus, "Christ-bearing Columbus," a sort of Paul Bunyan, "spilling the green Atlantic from his shoulders," taking a river in his stride and overtopping all tall palaces. But it is a Catholic America which Columbus discovers and then loses to the secularist little foxes, "grinning like dollars through their furs." The poems are all religious, and joyously so, but not mystical. There is no inner struggle with the darkness, doubt, and *accidie* of the mystic way, and few of the negatives and oxmorons with which the ineffable experience of union with God is customarily stated in poetry. The movement and conflict are outer, in excited response to the drums of "Christ the conqueror," and though the geographical and architectural images refer to spiritual states and have the magic quality of quite similar images in Rimbaud's "Illuminations," they are clear and hard and very physical. There is not much lyric melody or thoughtful and self-concerned contemplation in "The Tears of the Blind Lions"—it is far different, for instance, in tone and shifts of mood from Eliot's "Ash Wednesday"—but there is tremendous vigor and great pictorial beauty.

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Poetry Notes

INTERVAL TO SUN, by Norma Lay. Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. 36 pp. $2. This is a first book of poems by a sensitive poet, Norma Lay, who within her limits does well by the craft. Her lyrics are written with an economy of language as imposed by the imagists; and if they fail of superlative accomplishment, they avoid the fuzzy trappings and emotional excesses of the inexperienced writer. Norma Lay has a good eye and a good ear; she can accelerate a line with deliberate speed or retard its movement by a reluctant advance. She has learned much from Emily Dickinson and Robert Frost, but her echoes are entirely agreeable. In "Winter Timepiece" she reminds us "that subtle clocks all tell / of sun / by running down. / —This icicle!" and in "Hill Song," a New England lyric, she tells how "the farmer . . . now draws with lift of hand on dull gray wood / the music of slow cowbells through the blood."

One defect Miss Lay ought to remedy in her next book, and that is the tendency to include untoward words (*alizarin* or *dynamis*) to create rhymes new to the ear. Her best poems do not suffer from this egregious insistence to use a word so exact that it loses poetic compulsion. This fault, and a fault it is, is kept at a minimum.

The lyrics and sonnets in "Interval to Sun" are mature poems that bear testimony of a reflective kinship with nature. Those about country folk have a delightful wit and understanding. Such a poem as "Here the Fox Ran" with its dissonant rhymes would grace any modern anthology:

What grass it is, what pale-chrome weed
that makes a winter field fox tawny
I do not know; nor how from sunny
past these fields make sun of shade.
Now is the sequence in a farther
cold, beyond bright fox - run weather;
with earth yet vixen-bright ungrayed,
gray in the air is growing fuller.
It will take snow to tame this color!

—I. L. Salomon.

MEDICINE COULD BE VERSE, by Charles G. Farnum, M.D. The Exposition Press. $3. There is a lot of joy in this maverick among the easily catalogued books of light and serious verse. Dr. Farnum rhymes along with a deceptive ease talking about his patients and their foibles, about fellow medicos and their conceits. He writes without pretense, with no ear for sophisticated applause, and no eye on literary laurels. Many of the poems appeared in small medical journals, where they evoked chuckles from other doctors and occasionally pricked their egos.

There is an introduction by his friend Strickland Gillilan, who reminds us that there is a wisdom behind the Puckish grin of Dr. Farnum, and we agree that he deserves a wider audience.

DURABLE FIRE, by Joseph Joel Keith. The Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $2. In this book Joseph Joel Keith shows a step forward in the lyric quality of poems and when he permits himself to sing rather than cogitate he fashions excellent verse. There is a stirring emotional tension in "By Natures Alien," a poem to the poet's father:

All through the days of boyhood, parted less
by miles than brambled vision, eyes looked out,
asking the questions—age did not reply;
we grew apart in silence and in doubt.

Opposed to this on the next page is a prosy platitude entitled "Definitions," in which honor is catalogued as "never telling another, and never telling yourself a lie," which is good advice but not necessarily good poetry. There are not too many of these didacticisms, but the few stand out glaringly among the worthy lyrics. Many of Keith's images are fresh,

—*From "Footfalls."*

and in the "The Blind Strollers," a poem of valid spiritual impulse, we as penitent men behold a world that we have injured, and strained by our own small minds, we cry.

FOOTFALLS, by Oliver LaGrone. Darel Press, Detroit. $1.50. The poems of Oliver LaGrone suffer in silent reading. Their qualities must be heard to be appreciated. LaGrone is a Negro sculptor with a broad experience in life as a cotton farmer, plasterer, book salesman, foundry mechanic, mortician, and art teacher. His poems are eloquent speeches, many of them concerned with the problems of his race and handicapped by racial emphasis, but there is poetic authenticity to what he states. His songs of labor suffer from the obvious propaganda phrases as "One United Cause," "Unified for Right," but in "Time Walker" he is the real prophet:

I am a time walker,
Treading this outrolling carpet
With unresolved wanderlust.
My feet have dogged the roll
Of seconds, minutes, and hours
Eternity-bound, to horizons,
Depths and the heavens.—

The talent of Oliver LaGrone is uneven, and his emotions need discipline, but he has power, vitality, and promise. The line illustrations by Hughie Lee Smith are excellent.

THE TENTH JEW, by Fania Kruger. Kaleidograph Press, Dallas. $2. Native of Crimea and wife of a jeweler in Wichita Falls, Texas, Fania Kruger began writing poetry at an age when the urge to sing has left most writers. Her poems are simple, eloquent, and rich in the poetic tradition of the Jew. Though some of the poems recount suffering, ancient wrong, and modern terrorism, there is no shrill wailing, no personal complaint, but rather a quiet nobility in her impassioned statement, as in "What of Tomorrow":

Out of the broken, out of the fallen,
Is shaken the wealth of the heart's rich pollen,
Conquering grief, transcending sorrow:
Wheat to be ground for the bread tomorrow.

Many of the poems are rooted in Talmudic lore. The title poem, "The Tenth Jew," tells of the nine Jewish men gathered from the remnants of the massacre to sing the Kaddish, the lament for the dead. Nine when there should be ten, according to the law of the Temple, but as they sang, something happened:

Nine voices growing faint and fainter . . . then
Suddenly from the gloom a sound,
"Amen"

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Tenth voice, *minyan*, "They all
turned to see:
Behold upon a starkly twisted tree
A tortured sufferer, murdered anew,
Crucified Jesus, tenth praying Jew."

SECOND POEMS, by Meade Harwell. Alan Swallow, Denver. $2. Meade Harwell is experiencing the emotional turbulence of a genuine poetic imagination but, like the sculptor handling the soft clay, he hasn't found the shape, the color, or size that would be an original model. His rhetoric betrays the uncertainty as it shifts from the disciplined couplet to complex longer lines. Harwell's ideas are his own but there are many obvious influences, the strongest being Gerard Manley Hopkins, as this bit from the "Moralist":

Down flare the deep-
spoked gazers, strung and wishing,
ethic-torn,
till there-in a splatter of hope, with
eyes disjoined,
they strew their hadness in ghost-
clotted heaps.

In "Resonances to K.C.S." we are haunted by E. E. Cummings and Marianne Moore. Harwell has a valid gift and gains nothing for himself in playing with broken molds of highly individual and successful modernists. The suggestion of an original rhetoric for Harwell shows up in the later pages of his book, for instance, in the "Dante Poem," subtitled "Hit-and-Run Hollywood." The huge vanity of the "make-believe" of our cinematic capital is seen through Dantesque vision—

O wild and startled in his huge regret,
Enormously the statutes climb his
hair,
He dwells within to find a further
prism,
Enormously the fools keep sitting
there.

REMEMBRANCE OF MOAB, by Byron Herbert Reece. American Weave Press, Cleveland. 50c. The foundation of a nation's poetry is its folk ballad. Regional America is rich in ballad potentials but not many publications are willing to risk the space for the narrative poem, which requires a lot of elbow room on the page. Of the hundreds of poets in the country few attempt the ballad, either in its primitive Latin hymn meter or in the more sophisticated patterns. Byron Herbert Reece in his previous book gave us a group of rousing, original ballads with the authentic touch of myth, eeriness, and violence that belongs to folk tales. The title poem of this brochure retells the Biblical story in a variety of rhymes and line lengths. The story moves with verve and leads to a dramatic climax. The lesser ballads, of Reece's own experience, are more interesting because they give his talents a chance to play. "The Ballad of the Bride and Groom" and the "Ballad of the Lost Shoes" are especially successful. In the last-named poem we observe what happened to the fixed patterns of Squire Basker Tarkington's life, symbolized by a pair of shoes he bought at Granny Ferney's store:

He sought them everywhere they
say,
And sought them all in vain
His daughter wore them once away
And never home again!

—A. M. SULLIVAN.

Will Worthy

By Elizabeth K. Phelps Stokes

NOW, it seems, it was Will Worthy
Who held up his hand—bony, earthy,
In staccato command,
"Stop!"
Who comes to Bentley's Lodge
Like a road-runner of steel?
Who comes to this hammock valley
High swung from peak to peak
Where no machine should push
Its rack ruthlessly in the place
God might choose to sit around
On the seventh day in peace,
Screened from most of the race
By a barricade, white-crowned,
Gardened with aspens and neat,
Cut, crackling brooks
Cuddling at eight thousand feet.

Will Worthy, they said, lived alone,
Elated or sore to the bone,
Furtive and ready to dodge
All strangers at Bentley's Lodge;
Seemed his cabin, though, was tight
And his curtains extra white,
The logs close-chinked and more light
In his red-rimmed eye than most
Drunk and disorderly eyes supply . . .
He stood guard close by the gate
As if all were held in his hand
That angrily might shut tight down
And the bed of the brook be the end
Of outsiders and all they took
Into Bentley's Lodge that made unrest.

I remembered afterward what it was
Will Worthy said:
"Fellers, there's a wild duck mother ahead
With a long string of brood, and would ye
Go easy a bit?
See, there she goes!"
Will Worthy lurched and twitched his lip:
The matriarch of the wild
Headed a bobbing line,
Huffing, squawking, as if calling by name
Stragglers, side-wheelers, loose livers—
Then a rush, a plash and a flutter,
And return to the settled stream
Of all together, in order,
And by order of the given leader
With no fear for a feather
In Will Worthy's pasture
Where who is wild?
Who is tame?

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Music to My Ears

BING, FLAGSTAD, TRAUBEL, AND OTHERS

HAD W. S. Gilbert thought about it sufficiently, he might have concluded that there are others besides a policeman whose "lot is not a happy one." For example, an opera impresario. As this is written (twenty-four hours before his first press conference) Rudolf Bing has made no affirmative public statement of policy covering his first year's plans for the Metropolitan Opera, and he is already besieged by reactions to a negative one.

In other words, by failing to do something or other, he is already before the bar of justice in the American press — specifically for not propitiating Helen Traubel as she (or her manager) feels is her due. Nothing ever happens for the first time. Much the same thing occurred when Gatti-Casazza came to the Metropolitan forty years ago and such singers as Geraldine Farrar felt their interests imperiled.

It was my suspicion late last fall that Bing's intention to bring Kirsten Flagstad back to the Metropolitan was ill-advised. He was embarking, in any case, on a number of revolutionary changes. All too obviously, this extraneous issue would merely complicate the progress of other, more fundamental policies. It didn't occur to either Bing or myself, in conversational exchanges on the subject, that there might be drawn the additional issue of Helen Traubel, American soprano, vs. Kirsten Flagstad, a non-American one.

An official statement, as I have said, is still to come, but there is no possible doubt that Bing sought Flagstad's services, that her acceptance or refusal counts for little so far as ideas and policies are concerned. Whether or not she is a member of the Metropolitan company next season, the power of refusal was in her hands. She has either accepted the money bid or refused the period of service required. Her acceptance will be for reasons of her own, not for any irresistible compulsion she feels to the Metropolitan.

In this respect she will relive exactly the circumstances in which she left the Metropolitan in the spring of 1941. Norway had already been invaded, her husband, home, and family were in "jeopardy." Inasmuch as he collaborated profitably with the invaders (he was under an indictment as a quisling when he died at the war's end), that "jeopardy" could not have been extreme. Contrary to the advice, indeed the *orders*, of her government-in-exile, she chose to follow her own inclinations by returning to occupied Norway. If she chooses now to return to the Metropolitan, which she let down badly at that time, it will be out of similarly selfish impulses.

The uninformed may wonder why, in a supply-and-demand situation, the Metropolitan should be the bidder, not the taker: why it should petition rather than dispose. In the first place, Flagstad's abilities are in short supply at this time. Her qualities are close to unique. But is art so important that principle must be abandoned? Bing may find otherwise in this point of departure for a "new order" at the Metropolitan.

Since the problems he confronts are substantial ones, some examination of them is in order. Since 1935 the top fee for a singer at the Metropolitan has been $1,000 per performance—and there have been very few to command that amount. This is far from the $2,500 paid to Caruso or the $1,500 or $2,000 paid to others. Such earnings may be found today in radio or in Mexico or in recitals, but not at the Metropolitan.

NEEDLESS to say, it is the Metropolitan prestige which makes for a robust introduction on the radio or builds the interest of an out-of-town audience. Flagstad had her first great successes in New York and needs the Metropolitan no longer. Thus you swallow pride and settle for whatever you can get in quality.

In permitting attention to be focused on one artist at the expense of the whole plan which he seeks to put into effect, Bing has certainly put the cart before the operatic horse. Upsetting the whole subscription system by which the Metropolitan has been conducted for fifty years may be necessary. It may be desirable to break up the eighteen-week period into two series of nine each, thus permitting more people to subscribe, broadening the number of the Metropolitan public. The hoped-for economies may result from more frequent performances of a smaller repertory, and the quality of the individual performances may be enhanced.

These are all conjectural. One may state as fact that one cannot increase the size of the potential audience by alienating a portion of the existing one. The Metropolitan, after all, is no cosy private enterprise but an institution with public responsibility, which has looked to the public year in and year out for financing in the past decade and a half. It also has a commercial radio sponsor, which may find itself embarrassed by this involuntary association with an issue on which sentiment is sharply divided.

—*Underwood & Underwood.*

Rudolf Bing — "the cart before the operatic horse."

Thus without much volition Bing has put himself at a disadvantage with artists, press, and part of the public. He has acknowledged that he needs Flagstad and Traubel more than either of them needs him. He has a point which he intends to prove: namely, that a limited repertory, frequently repeated, can give a better standard of performance than the Metropolitan has recently known.

One purpose of that plan is to end the situation of recent years in which the Metropolitan has been dependent on the concert schedules of its prominent artists for operatic engagements. It is Bing's proposition that such singers should be available throughout the period of their Metropolitan contract, for rehearsals as well as public appearances. No one could argue against the sense of this, artistically or economically—save, perhaps, some of the artists. As a result of the maneuvers which have taken place, the whole scale of values is now inverted, the singer more important than the song or the aria or the opera.

If Bing is going to clean house he should start not with an old Wagnerian broom but with a new inclusive one. Let him decide what he can give best with available and acceptable talent. If "Tristan" is not possible or "Lucia," let them go next year and maybe the year after. There will be Isoldes and Lucias in the future as there have been in the past. Such absence will make, if anything, for more interest when they return.

You can only build for the future on the premise that no single singer is as important to the Metropolitan as the Metropolitan is to all singers.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 19)

presence, treats them well enough in a fashion, but will not permit them to continue their journey north, where the sought treasure is supposed to be.

The unwilling prisoners are joined by Katjie, a white Boer girl, who is almost demented from experiences she has had. The gentle ministrations of Dan Michael, now a favorite of Tchaka, do wonders for the girl who falls in love with Dan as he with her. Eventually the party manages to get away and proceeds on its original quest for the gold treasure in a neighborhood known as the Towers of Solomon. They find gold bricks so big they can scarcely lift them.

The style is lush, often flamboyant; but there is plenty of action, adventure, suspense, and dangerous situations. The author knows the lore of Africa, with which he peppers his narrative. The whole action takes place around 1821 and 1822.

—JOHN COURNOS.

DEVICE AND DESIRE, by Mary Fanning Wickham. Lippincott. $2.75. Miss Wickham is a Philadelphian born and bred, and in this novel of contemporary life in the City of Brotherly Love she writes of a small world in which she is at home. The Purdons, she tells us, are one of those firmly entrenched, rich, and smugly conventional families which seem so typically Philadelphian. "Device and Desire" centers around a subject of universal interest—the disposition of a great family fortune.

While old Mrs. Purdon lies dying, during the oppressive weeks of a Philadelphia summer, her children discover that their mother has once more managed to make herself impossible. Far from leaving them her millions, she has provided in her will ten legacies of $25,000 each to near relatives and a friend, the residual millions to go to the Art Museum for

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a new wing and the purchase of works of art.

But old Mrs. Purdon is not through with her miserable children; in a final death-bed flight of malignant fancy she writes a codicil and arranges its discovery, in order to outwit them all. Having, they believe, fulfilled their mother's final wishes and assured themselves, at least, of their trifling legacies, they find themselves once more confounded by their mother's scheming. The final readjustments, the tyranny still exigent beyond the grave, unfold in unexpected sequence.

Miss Wickham has made excellent use of the mounting tension of emotion and strain under the protracted heat of a Philadelphia summer, when the climax of human drama and a threatened storm both seem intolerably delayed. But what she has seen during her brief, satiric glance into Philadelphia's top drawer are the more obvious and unlovely aspects of its life. The final word on the city has yet to be written.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

SWIFTWATER, by Paul Annixter. A. A. Wyn. $2.50. This is a book very much after the fashion of "The Yearling." Unfortunately so, because Mr. Annixter does not lack either in sincerity or in an apparently close and loving knowledge of the natural scene—in this case the northwoods of Maine. He can match Mrs. Rawlings folklore for folklore, storm for storm, and crisis for crisis. The hardships of his Calloway clan in Maine are much like those of her Florida Baxters. To make the parallel even more uncomfortable, his story is centered about the boy Bucky, whose love and pride and rebelliousness are so like those of Jody Baxter. Ma Calloway is shadowed by another Ma, and there is even a tame bear, Keg, to frisk at Bucky's heels. It is too bad that the parallel lines are everywhere obvious because, as I have said, Mr. Annixter has his own fund of wood-lore and animal-lore to draw upon, and writes of these things with a fierce partisanship. As the book shapes up, it seems best fashioned for the younger reader, who will not mind the repetitions, if he ever notices them.

—N. L. R.

THE FLAME TREE, by Theodore Pratt. Dodd, Mead. $3. When Theodore Pratt wrote a few years ago a slim story called "The Barefoot Mailman" he put into book form almost for the first time something of the charm and simplicity of pioneer South Florida about Biscayne Bay and up the long white beaches to the north. It was like one of those simple stories told or written by some old-timer that suggested their feeling for the beauty and wonder of the untouched places. Now, after some years in Hollywood, and a few other books, Mr. Pratt has tried a story of the time when, almost overnight, Mr. Flagler changed that frontier simplicity of Palm Beach to a complex and artificial social resort. The complexities of Mr. Flagler's civilization are too much for Mr. Pratt. His story becomes awkward and trivial, his people, his beautiful heroine, his alligator-hunting hero, and his charming drunken villain are mere cardboard. It is too bad, because there is human drama in that expanding era. Henry James did it superbly in his description of Palm Beach in "The American Scene."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
VERDICT IN DISPUTE *Edgar Lustgarten* (Scribner's: $2.50)	Able examination of famous factual cases where verdict may not have been strictly kosher — from Flo Maybrick to Liz Borden.	Easy reading for those not familiar with these *causes célèbres*, but no astonishing contribution to library of true-crime lore.	Readable
DIAGNOSIS, HOMICIDE *Lawrence Blochman* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Eight adventures of Dr. Dan Coffee, pathologist—and his English-fracturing Hindu asst. — in cases that cops ticketed as unsuspicious demises.	Shrewdly plotted excursions into really scientific sleuthing—couple of 'em creak slightly — with deftly angled plea for better "Crowners"—or none.	Satisfying shorts
THE RIM OF TERROR *Hildegarde T. Teilhet* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	Girl's chance pick-up of hitch-hiker on Nevada road embroils her in horripilous adventures with subversive underground gang.	Most of story deals with cross-West chase that out-Hitchcock's Alfred for sheer thrills. Nice infusion of romance, too.	Top thriller!

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(Continued from page 23)

contention. Most informed observers of our national trade-union apparatus will agree that through the "breakfast-at-the-White-House" technique and for small favors Roosevelt won the allegiance of the top CIO officers. In the process he also made the CIO an appendage of the Democratic machine, which it still is.

There are several other incidents related in which Lewis challenges the rectitude of Roosevelt's motives, and in at least one place the book raises a question of veracity between Lewis and Philip Murray.

This concerns the rupture in October 1941 of their lifelong friendship. As Alinsky tells the story, Lewis invited him to visit with the Lewis family at Atlantic City, where he had gone to see Murray, who was convalescing from a heart attack. Lewis visited Murray several times solely to protest against smear attacks on him conducted by top CIO officers, particularly James F. Carey, the organization's secretary. Lewis says he did not push the issue much because of Murray's physical condition. When Murray told Lewis he did not believe

Carey and others were blackguarding him Lewis told Alinsky that he did not argue because ". . . I know that excitement may kill him." Murray, on the other hand, has said that Lewis used his visits to browbeat him into abandoning Roosevelt's foreign policies.

This reviewer will not quarrel with Alinsky's statement that Lewis "is the greatest tactical genius in the history of American labor." Notwithstanding, it is reasonable to question the long-range value of Lewis's genius to the American trade-union movement. The CIO is his one great contribution to the economic welfare of American workers. For that he deserves high praise and gratitude. All too frequently, however, his conduct both in and out of labor has been that of a social outlaw.

No amount of apple-polishing by any writer can obscure that basic fact.

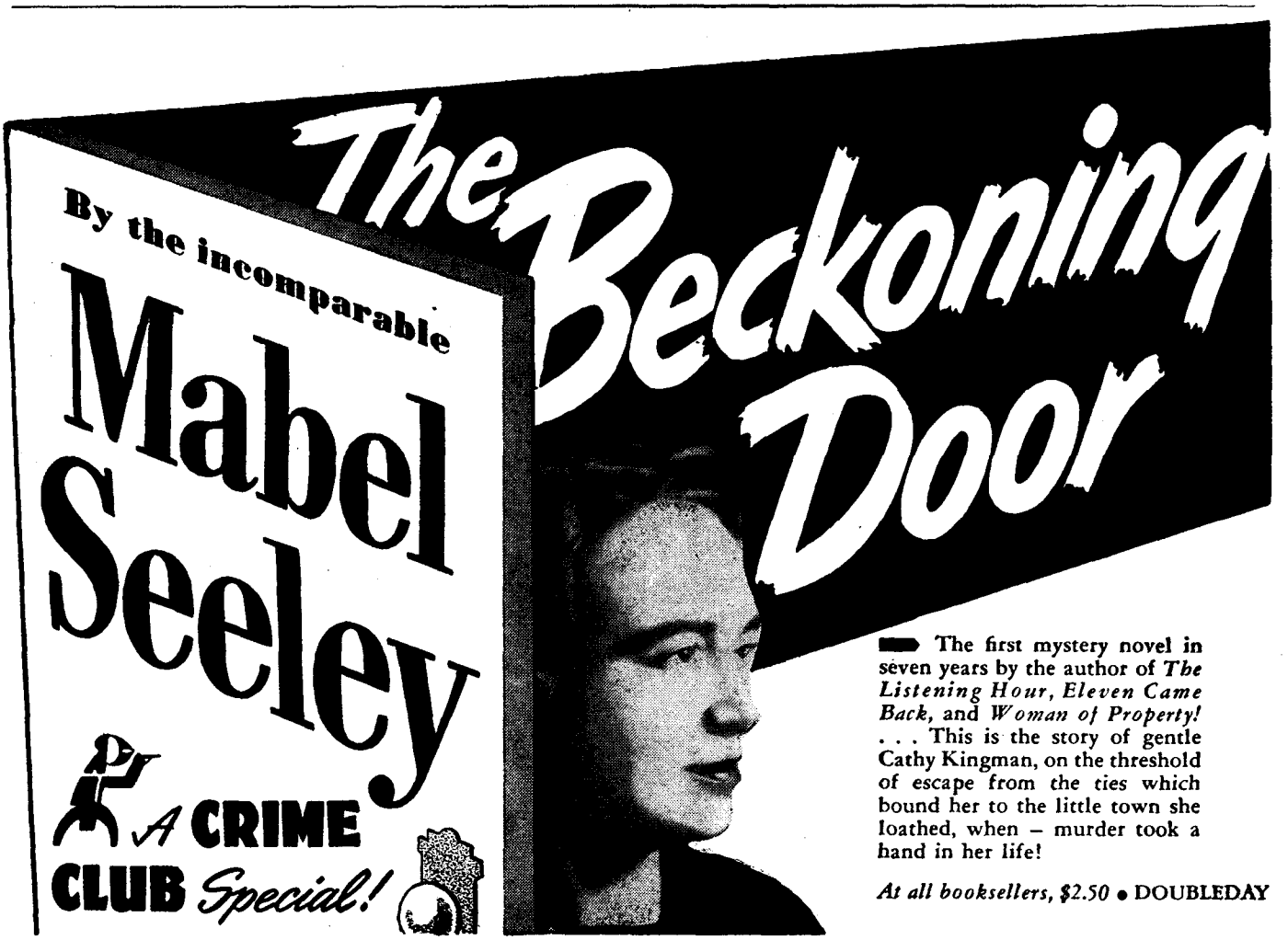
Frightened Countess

SHADOWS LENGTHEN. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 296 pp. $5.

By CRANE BRINTON

THE Countess de Chambrun, born a Longworth of Cincinnati and married to a French nobleman descended from Lafayette, has already written in "Shadows Like Myself" pleasant, anecdotal memoirs of her life up to the end of the last war. Now she brings the story down to the present in a successor volume, which looks on the surface much the same as the first. But this time she has to deal, not merely with a war in which her France and her America were both victorious, but with a war in which France was defeated and the world in which the countess had lived so long and so pleasantly all but destroyed. There are pleasant stories in this volume, especially in the few pages that tell of the apparently halcyon days before 1939, but for the most part this is a cry from the heart, and no mere journal of a lady of highest society.

For the countess is frightened. In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What was "The Strange Land"?

A map would show it as a battered piece of Europe, stretching from Paris to the pillboxes of the Siegfried Line. But to the people of this story, in that fateful autumn of 1944, it was a state of mind—to some a numbing horror, to others a heady wine of unaccustomed power, to the lucky ones in liberated Paris a never-never land of wine and women.

Ned Calmer's extraordinary narrative concerns a dozen Americans, all involved directly or indirectly in the fate of a single brief offensive designed to breach the Siegfried Line. In the momentarily fused lives of these people—of a young WAC officer and her lover, of a ruthlessly ambitious division commander, of a junketing correspondent and a little group of infantrymen who faced the enemy in the misery of mud and cold—Ned Calmer captures and reveals the whole vast design of war and its themes of love and death. His achievement is unique, and for the reader it will be an indelible experience.

the strange land

A novel by **NED CALMER**

$3.00 at all bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons

a nostalgic final chapter she comes "Full Circle" back to the Longworths of Ohio, and finds that the Communist New Deal is destroying her America as the Communists and De Gaulle have destroyed her France.

Since so much of American writing of the kind that gets into books and gets taken seriously is at least left of center, since even conservative Americans tend to look on international politics in abstract terms and with pious hopes, there is a real profit for most of us to be got from this book. Our own beliefs lead us to hold that we must see the other fellow's side, and the countess gives us a side of recent history few of us have ever heard: a kindly, upright, farsighted Laval, a Vichy Government that saved France, a Liberation that was not only unnecessary, but represents the rising of the dregs of the population (the countess remembers with horror a Communist postmistress of her quarter fishing for a revolver in her bright red and very décolleté blouse). The Liberation was to Mme. de Chambrun the beginning of another French Revolution more disastrous to the good life than was the first.

The countess seems as forlornly ignorant of what is going on about her as were the ladies of Marie Antoinette's court. She is constantly outraged, constantly in a state of moral indignation. True, the indignation is often amply justified. When those charged with great responsibilities and privileges learn that human nature is sometimes as independent of even their most elevated wishes as physical nature, they may be able to retain their privileges a bit longer. This book suggests that the instincts of our Leftists are sound: the Marshall Plan mustn't mean that we back the old French ruling classes.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

William Shakespeare: "Macbeth"

FILLET of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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Personal History Notes

HEYWOOD BROUN: A Biographical Portrait, by Dale Kramer. A. A. Wyn. $3.50. Heywood Broun would have liked the idea of having his life story set down by a young newspaperman who reached New York by way of the *Dallas City Enterprise* and the *Monticello Bulletin* (both downstate Illinois) and whose work has appeared in, among other publications, the *Catholic Digest* and *The Nation.* In fact, Broun *did* like the idea; he knew, before his death at the end of 1939, that Mr. Kramer was going to do a book about him. The book is in no sense an official or family biography; "a biographical portrait" is an accurate description of the plan adopted and the end achieved.

A little more formality might have helped, such as a more liberal strewing of dates—the reader finds himself too frequently leafing back to see just where he is. But the man emerges in a sort of rumpled-shirt, necktie-askew dignity, as he should, for the externally lackadaisical Broun, if he could have got himself into it, would have been a knight in shining armor if fate had set him down in King Arthur's time instead of in the ragged heyday of the speakeasy. Mr. Kramer has a good eye for essential incident and a sound appreciation of the distinction between illuminating anecdote and trivium.

PADEREWSKI AS I KNEW HIM, from the Diary of Aniela Strakacz, translated from the Polish by Halina Chybowska. Rutgers University Press. $5. Mme. Strakacz, wife of Paderewski's secretary and confidant, began keeping a diary some thirty years ago with no realization of the terrible and agonizing days through which it would lead the recreated Polish nation and its new chief. The hero of the diary (and a full-statured hero indeed) is, of course, Paderewski himself, here referred to throughout as "the President."

Two-thirds of the book is concerned with the period from 1919 to 1939, and the story of the concert tours of those two decades culminates with the heart attack which Paderewski suffered in Madison Square Garden in the spring of the latter year. Thereafter the narrative moves into a climactic crescendo with the approach and outbreak of war, the final journey to America, and the statesman-artist's death in New York on June 29, 1941, a week after the German invasion of Russia. The treatment is, of course, thoroughly non-objective, but such devotion is not at all amiss in primary source material. Certainly there have been few men in nine-

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teenth- and twentieth-century political and cultural history more completely worthy of the adoration which Mme. Strakacz so lavishly bestows in her vivid, intimate, and moving memoir. —J. T. W.

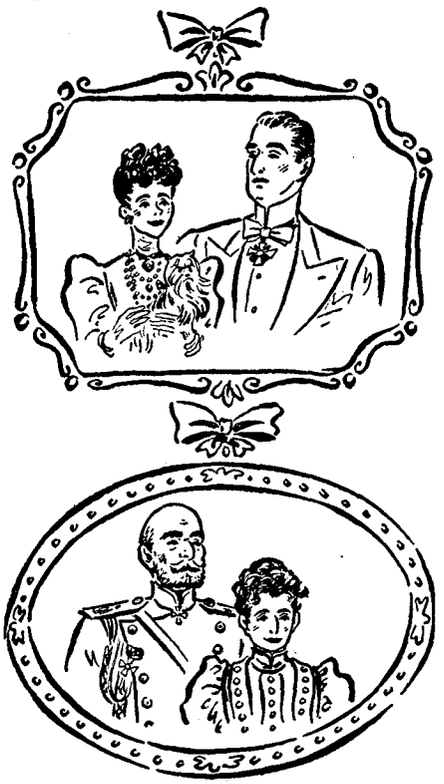
THE TREASURE OF NAPLES, by Giuseppe Marotta. Dutton. $3. These are charming, nostalgic little pictures of the Italian quarter of Naples, the Neapolitan quarter of Naples, basic Naples. Mr. Marotta was born there in 1902. He became an editor in Milan, which is a long way from Naples as distance is counted in Italy, but he left his heart behind. This book is a distillation of his memories, tender, humorous, and delightful. A special note is due the translator, Frances Frenaye, who had the difficult chore of deciding when to leave a word untranslated, and whether, in such a situation, to explain it or not. She has performed her task with competence and grace. James Alexander's sketches admirably reflect the spirit of the text. Altogether this is an unusual and effective collaboration—a superior blending of talents. —J. T. W.

DESPERATE VOYAGE, by John Caldwell. Little, Brown. $3.50. Mr. Caldwell had a good reason for this desperate voyage: his desire to rejoin his bride, who, by the mischances of war stayed in her native Australia while he sailed round the world in the Merchant Marine, always trying to get a job on a vessel bound for Australia. It was doubly hard for him because he had $3,200 in seaman's wages in his pocket and might have flown or sailed to her in comfort if there had been anything headed the right way. There wasn't. Therefore he bought a twenty-nine-foot cutter, named it *The Pagan*, and set out from Panama on a voyage of 8,500 miles. For a man who knew how to sail this would have been a wonderful performance. Mr. Caldwell knew next to nothing. He had to learn on the way. He had what it always takes: a heart that couldn't be broken, even when the stalwart frame around it was wasted to a rather ghastly ninety pounds, the result of twenty-two days without food, unless one counts hair oil, the leather of a wallet, and a seabird gobbled almost before it died.

The names of Mr. Caldwell's stirring chapters are the best hints of a story driving onward to a spectacular conclusion: "Dismasted," "Lost," "Foodless," "Starvation and Land," and "Rescue." To these indications of a true storyteller may be added the fact that he writes well: "The next morning, early, I did something I should have done before. I painted SOS on both sides of all sails. There was no paint to do it with. I used the pitchy, stagnant oil from the engine. . . . There were only the haunting sharks or a lonely bird or two to see it. . . . I studied the horizon in a slow sweep, pumped the bilges, and stepped through the hatchway. It was a day of cancerous loneliness."

—Edmund Gilligan.

FAMILY ALBUM, by Paul Chavchavadze. Houghton Mifflin. $3. This is one of those next-of-kin books, but with a difference. The end-papers are adorned with genealogical tables on the His-Hers pattern, for Mr. Chavchavadze is a descendant of Georgian kings and his wife is a cousin of Czar Nicholas II and daughter of a grand duke. Mr. Chavchavadze's reminiscences do not, however, bristle with imperial pageantry. His kinfolk appear to have included about the same percentage of characters and screwballs that one might reasonably look for in the home circles of Poughkeepsie, Omaha, or Galveston. Although the author and his wife were in Russia during the tumult of the revolutions (Mr. Chavchavadze recalls the abortive attempt of 1905), there is as little bitterness in the book as there is bloodshed. The Chavchavadzes now have a summer place on Cape Cod and he admits that it was "perhaps rather thoughtless of us to thrust a name like Chavchavadze on an unsuspecting New England community." His breezy speech should be well adapted to an account of his absorption into America —and he is certainly thoroughly absorbed. Alajálov adorns the text with characteristic and pat chapter headings. —J. T. W.



—*From "Family Album."*

HAPPILY EVER AFTER, by Hartzell Spence. Whittlesey House. $3. Of the many books that tell of a young couple's flight from the crass cities back to the soil and sanity, Mr. Spence's account has one unique facet. Other modern pioneers have begun their courtship of the land with a shoestring and a seed catalogue. But Hartzell and Margaret Spence had the pleasantly unfair advantage of beginning their giddy search for values armed with 800 Government pamphlets (from No. 147 "House Ants," to No. 1368, "How to Train a Pony") plus around $50,000—justly earned by such previous popular books as "One Foot in Heaven."

Other recitals have become routine by their grisly laughter in the face of poverty and despair. The Spences laughed in the face of grandeur and despair. They began their tussle with nature not in a dilapidated shanty, but in a dilapidated thirty-room ante-bellum mansion, Gaston Hall, gracing 700 acres of farm land in Orange County, Virginia, in sight of the Blue Ridge mountains.

Mr. Spence writes with winning humor of earth's inhumanity to man, and yet before the final pages reveals his discovery that nature is not militant at all, only wiser, calmer, and more optimistic than man.

—Edward Harris Heth.

WALTER LIPPMANN: A Study in Personal Journalism, by David Elliott Weingast. Rutgers University Press. $3. The editorial page is getting back where it started, which, actually, was not a bad place. The Greeleys, the Bowleses, and the Wattersons gave way to anonymity, and (though not necessarily on that account) the editorial page became in time an element so little heeded that when a paper took a position which it was extremely anxious to get read, it put the editorial on the front page, thus making the most abject admission of the futility of the editorial page. Then came the columnists and personal journalism was in some degree restored—and the columns were read. Walter Lippmann, trained on the editorial page, is today's closest approximation among the columnists to the old-school editorial writer who was both identifiable and influential. His column appears in 140 newspapers, and, hence, whether one agrees with it or not, has a considerable impact on popular thought. Mr. Weingast's study, a sound, thoughtful, and informing book, is a dissection as well as an appraisal. His own aim is not editorial in the sense of taking sides, of condemning or defending; his concern is interpretation, which is also a function of the editorial. Harold L. Ickes contributes a non-curmudgeonly introduction. —J. T. W.

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NEW BY-LINES TO MAKE-BELIEVE

(*Continued from page 10*)

comiums heaped upon it, and it is written with apparent love and kindness.

During the past few years two themes have become only too familiar to fiction readers: The treatment of psychiatric cases and the exploitation of people employed in the arts. In "The Big Wheel" John Brooks deftly avoided the pitfalls inherent in dramatizing life on the staff of a mass-circulation weekly by treating it seriously rather than by satirizing it. The magazine existed because millions bought it to keep up to date, not caring whether in the process they stopped thinking for themselves or not. Mr. Brooks's subject is the dilemma of the young men who worked for it, "who sold their ideals," to use the phrase of an enthusiastic reviewer, "for a mess of martinis." It is an intelligent novel because the dilemma is real. The hired hands of these organizations are trapped by commendably high salaries and yet are apt to live beyond their means; they exist like goldfish in a confusingly reflected world; they are trained to write smartly and glibly on a variety of subjects and to say only too often what they do not themselves believe. They are, in a sense, too good for the job and for the disillusionment and cynicism that will later overtake them. "The Big Wheel" is a problem novel with no solution beyond the individual's honesty and courage.

"The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters, is another problem novel, for it asks in the end a question as dreadful as the insanity that sent David Mitchell to a Veteran's Administration mental hospital. In the long list of psychiatric novels it was remarkable because it did not delve into the depths of Freud and Jung but clearly dissected the emotions of a distraught man caught in a trap, subjected to the indignities of brutal guards, and finally unable to prove that he had recovered his sanity. The tragic question it asks is concerned with the supposedly loving family of the incarcerated victim, who would rather hold a son in institutional captivity than lose the Government's monthly check. In the lucidity with which the author examines the fantasy world of the insane asylum the novel can be compared with a better known, if not superior, book, "The Snake Pit."

Morton Thompson's "The Cry and the Covenant" has nothing to do with the problems of the day or of the future. It is the story of Ignaz Philipp Semmelweiss, the Viennese doctor who discovered more than a century ago that millions of women everywhere who went to the hospitals to be delivered of their babies died of puerperal fever because the doctors who examined them did not wash the pus and deadly germs from their hands. They walked straight from the corpse in the dissecting room to a woman's bedside and killed her as surely as if they had stabbed her with a scalpel. It took Dr. Semmelweiss years to convince the medical academies of Europe that these women need not have died. "The Cry and the Covenant" is a noble and powerful book because Mr. Thompson has treated this grim subject with intense and shocking realism and with the indignation and ardor of an outraged nature. We cannot solve, nor can he, the problem of why men refused to recognize obvious and proven facts at a time when so many other discoveries of vast significance for humanity were accepted. Was it the order of nature and the command of religion that women should suffer and perhaps die in childbirth? Or was it a simple means of cutting down the birthrate at the expense of the women who were

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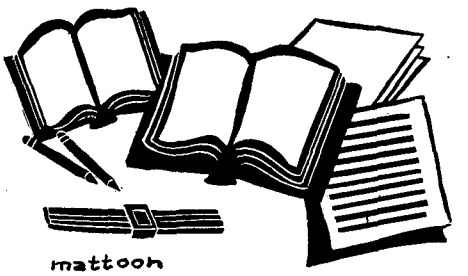
forced by poverty into the slaughterhouses that were called hospitals? At the depth of his book there lies the ancient vice of man, his cruelty and callousness in the face of suffering.

AT the end of the year a young writer bewildered the critics and soon found his novel half-way up the best-seller lists. Paul Bowles's "The Sheltering Sky" took its theme, consciously or not, from Scott Fitzgerald and the many novels of the gilded young men and careless girls of the Jazz Age. For many years no young fictional couple had wandered to the Riviera or North Africa to escape from themselves or a marriage that was headed for the rocks. Kit and Port Moresby fled from New York with Port's handsome best friend. What would happen to them might have been predicted without tea leaves. It was interesting but not surprising that Kit was seduced in a compartment of a dilapidated railway carriage. What gave the novel its air of novelty and excitement was the author's remarkable gift of describing the smells and sights of a dying civilization that had been pushed further toward disintegration by the war. The Arabs were more alive in their rags and vermin than these Americans and the nauseating mother-and-son combination they are always stumbling over. "The Sheltering Sky" is exciting, and stimulating, and there is sex somewhere around most of its corners. It is also extremely well written when the Moresbys are not discussing their marital troubles. It brought something new in the way of adventure and something old into



the contemporary novel, in which there is room for everything that may come into the heads of talented young writers.

The arrival on this side of the Atlantic of new and older English writers indicated not only that the beleaguered island is rich in new talent but that there have been unexplored veins of gold that our publishers have neglected. There was, for example, Henry Green, the pseudonym for an English writer who was recently revealed to be a Birmingham manufacturer. Henry Green's books have been treasured by a small group at home for nearly two decades. His novel called "Loving"—he has a predilection for one-word titles—was published here last year, accompanied by a fanfare of calculated enthusiasm drawn from English critics. Mr. Green has, according to them, a musical ear, an impressionist painter's eye, and a poet's obsession for emotional mysteries. He is at one and the same time producing a work of art of mischievous brilliance and eccentricity, reflecting the negation of an exhausted world, and writing in a mysterious cablese of his own. And he has, said Philip Toynbee, "already written three of the most original and stimulating English novels of our time." But this barrage of frenzied approval aside, "Loving" is a delightful and charming book about the goings-on during the war in the servants' hall of a huge Irish castle. If it somehow fails to live up to expectations, the reader should not blame Mr. Green for it, but wait patiently for "Nothing," "Caught," or "Back" to arrive in the bookstores.

WILLIAM SANSOM's "The Body" was also heralded with enthusiasm and it deserves most of the praise heaped upon it. It is a study of the grisly anatomy of jealousy as it overwhelms an English hairdresser who makes up his mind that his light-minded but virtuous wife is having a love affair with a neighboring apartment dweller. Any man obsessed by this madness becomes a burden to himself and a stranger to his friends and the oddity of his conduct is only enhanced by the fact that the supposed violator of his wife is an impossibly vulgar and cheap fellow with a large red face, a devotee of practical tricks and weird furniture. The novel has humor and it explores mercilessly that submerged middle class in England which lives in the hope that it will be valued at more than it is worth. At the end the hairdresser faces his surprised and shocked wife wondering whether either of them could ever trust the other again.

One of the three female writers on this long list is Hope Muntz, an Englishwoman who has spent most of sixteen years in research for her splendidly documented novel of the Norman Conquest of England. In "The Golden Warrior" she has acomplished far more than giving her novel an atmosphere of veracity. She has written an epic story without any of the florid excrescences of the historical romance to which we are accustomed. The reader has the sense of a fresh wind blowing through this musty and hack-ridden fictional genre. It conveys by some magic the feeling that it is the truth. It is, as a reviewer has said, "a minor miracle of taste." It is written in a simple language that gives dignity to the high tragedy which it proclaims and to the great personalities whose mortal enmity for each other changed the history of the world. Miss Muntz's art is not one to be copied, for her quality comes from herself and owes nothing to any predecessor.

Last year a strange novel came from South Africa, a land which is now producing distinguished writers as well as racial intolerance, gold, and diamonds. Elizabeth Charlotte Webster died soon after completing her "Ceremony of Innocence" and more

Sad Garland for Eros

By Henrietta Holland

AT THIS shy season, set apart
For violets in a crystal heart,
A love to the florist goes
For trembling fuchsia, shell-pink rose
To breathe the words as yet unspoken,
A nameless sigh, a starlight token,
Bound bright with ribbon, frilled with lace.
But ah, the florist's fearsome face!
On silver wires pink petals furling,
How his disdainful lip is curling!
Exquisite blooms he snips and fashions
As though he clipped through tender passions,
Through moth and moonlight, misty dream
And pallid lover's self-esteem.
Nor pensive pink nor fleur-de-lis
Could make him Venus's votary.
No ghostly Hero nor Leander
Could drift for him through this pomander,
Who in such fragrance sentimental
Seems but to sniff some bitter lentil.
'Tis sure, by his exterior,
Omnia's not vincit by Amor!

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than a decade before it reached this country. The background of the story is set in an Anglican convent in the suburbs of a mining town, where the nuns pray at length and spy upon each other. It is also a shelter for "fallen women," whom one of the nuns gathers in with the fervor of a stamp-collector. A young maiden of neither wealth nor family is sheltered there. Everyone is aware that she is clairvoyant for she is able to tell a startled woman who has a club-footed son that she is pregnant and that her child will be born without blemish. A writer in the neighborhood, a somewhat unlikely combination of Greek satyr and drunken philosopher, seduces her. She tells the nuns that she will have a son who will save the world and is shortly thrown out of the convent. It is perhaps not necessary to add that in our last glimpse of her she is lying with her child in her arms in a stable, while a Negro bows before her to offer gifts. There might be something repugnant in this remarkable tale to strictly-brought-up readers, if it were not told with a good deal of wit and malice directed at the nunnery and the entire Anglican community. It was probably overpraised in this country but nevertheless one must deeply regret that there will be no more books from her pen.

The tale of last year's writing is told; the books are counted and their captains named like the list of the ships in Homer. Nineteen forty-nine was more significant than the year before. A new mood is apparent in fiction and the old despair and ominous foreboding have been lessened for a time. We can only hope that this year man can be studied in his entirety, for if human beings did not make the world, they have the power to save it.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

	Author	*Work*
1.	Eliot	"The Waste Land"
2.	Thompson	"Daisy"
3.	Moore	"Lalla Rookh"
4.	Milton	"Paradise Lost"
5.	Webster	"Duchess of Malfi"
6.	Morris	"The Earthly Paradise"
7.	Landor	"Epigrams"
8.	Young	"Night Thoughts"
9.	Byron	"Don Juan"
10.	de la Mare	"An Epitaph"
11.	Dickinson	"Suspense"
12.	Pope	"Essay on Man"
13.	Gray	"Elegy in a Country Churchyard"
14.	Colton	"The Lacon"
15.	Mackay	"The Old and the New"
16.	Campbell	"Exile of Erin"
17.	Saxe	"My Familiar"
18.	van Dyke	"Reliance"
19.	Swinburne	"Garden of Proserpine"
20.	Garrick	"The Prologue to the Gamesters"

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BACH (AND OTHERS)		
BACH: FIFTEEN TWO-PART INVENTIONS. Ralph Kirkpatrick, clavichord. Concert Hall 78: C-6 (Limited edition)	A remarkably good recording, solving difficult problem—how to reproduce this tiny, close-to sound. Ultra-natural, wide-range, wiry effect when played at proper very low level.	A most important album, for here is what Bach heard — not harpsichord, not piano; this was the personalized, private instrument for home playing. Wiry, percussive bass and fulness of two parts notable.
BACH: FANTASIA AND FUGUE IN G MINOR ("GREAT"). FRANCK: FANTASIA IN C MAJOR. Marcel Dupré, organ of St. Mark's, London. London LP: LPS 137 (10")	Over-all quality good, but I hear a constant "burbling" distortion—seems to be in the record. Highs will take boost nicely.	The Franck, well suited both to organist and organ, is convincing and musical. The Bach is just one more flat-colored, coldish performance, note-perfect, unsympathetic.
A BACH RECITAL (Sinfonias, Chorale-preludes). MENDELSSOHN: ORGAN SONATA #6 IN D MINOR, OP 65. E. Power Biggs, organ of St. Paul's, Columbia University. Columbia LP: ML 2076 (10")	A clearer, more brilliant recording than above. I'd say it's better than other Biggs work on this organ —may be due to musical differences. About the best recording job to date for this type organ.	Similarly, the Mendelssohn is more sympathetically done than Bach; it's a fine, strong piece, mainly variations on a chorale tune ("Vater unser"). The Bach is more musical, with better color, than earlier Biggs albums; still, rather lukewarm.
PROKOFIEV		
PROKOFIEV: "PETER AND THE WOLF" (1934). Frank Phillips; London Philharmonic, Malko. London LP: LPS 151 (10")	A beautiful recording with best ffrr quality. My only slight reservation: voice is close, orchestra, relatively distant — liveness, balance not ideal.	An uncommonly good musical performance; makes you realize how much stuff there is in this fantasy—for all ages. Nice, neutrally British narration.
PROKOFIEV: "CINDERELLA"—BALLET MUSIC (1941-44). GAVIN: "THE RAKE'S PROGRESS." Royal Opera Orch., (a) Braithwaite, (b) Lambert. Columbia LP: ML 4229	Good, broad English Columbia recording, not unlike the Britten "Young Person's Guide." Hasn't the shiny ffrr quality, but highs are there. Copied from 78 —peaks are a bit fuzzy. Side one off-center, my copy.	Prokofiev in his urbane mood, tempered by his recent large-orchestra, slick romance. Skilfully made, entertaining music, well adapted to recording. The Gavin is peppy suite in "ye olden style," like Coates and Edward German, but bit more meaty.
PROKOFIEV: VIOLIN SONATAS OP. 80 IN F MINOR, OP. 94 IN D. Joseph Szigeti, (a) J. Levine, (b) L. Hambro, pianists. Columbia LP: ML 4257	Another case of a new recording to supplement an older reissue. Op. 94 was released in 1946, Op. 80 is new. Shows progress: better balance, more natural, steadier piano, much better liveness, sense of space.	Don't let seemingly "cheap" thematic material mislead you here—these are excellent works, cogent, idiomatic, expressive. I find the F minor on a higher plane.
PROKOFIEV: "ROMEO AND JULIET" SUITE OP. 64 (1935). Moscow Philharmonic, Prokofiev. PROKOFIEV: "BUFFOON" BALLET SUITE ("CHOUT") (1915-21). Lamboureux Orch., Wolff. Polydor-Vox LP: PLP 6060	Convenient reissues of two notable old recordings. (Disc once dubbed this "Romeo" onto six 12" plastic 78's—a poor job at $2 a record! This is a better job, at 1/5 the price, no breaks.) "Romeo" has good range, but is variably distorted (as 78 sides progress), with pronounced groove-modulation swish and a curious deadness. Heavy filtering helps some. "Chout," minus all highs, is a better recording and very listenable; it's rather heavy-handed music, à la "Love for Three Oranges" and "Petrouchka," but interesting. "Romeo," much later, is less pretentious, more skilfully made, more romantic. Engineers stay clear here, but others had better investigate. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.	

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE RED COATS ARE COMING

BACK last February we had a chat in Hamilton, Bermuda, with William Edmund Butlin, the British mass producer of low-cost holidays, a man who worries about the vacation needs of 27,000 people each and every summer's day. Word came to us a few weeks ago that Mr. Butlin had arrived in New York, brimming with ideas for his new holiday camp located on Grand Bahama Island, fifty miles from West Palm Beach, and five hours' flying time from New York. We hopped over to the Wings Club in the Biltmore, where a beautiful lady in a scarlet jacket stuck a little sailfish pin in our lapel and a waiter handed us a scotch and soda.

Pretty soon Mr. Butlin came in, got up on a chair, and asked for quiet. He told the assembled press corps that Butlin's Bahamas Vacation Village was about to open its raffia curtains to the American public at an all-inclusive rate of $15 per person a day. All-inclusive, Mr. Butlin said, meant no charge for baby sitters, midnight picnics, water skiing, theatrical shows, barbecues, golf, billiards, football, wiener roasts, and pigeon racing—using 500 pigeons, most of them from the Royal Cotes of His Majesty the King of England. A man could throw darts or fish for marlin all for the cost of his room and board. "If they want to do nothing at all," Butlin explained, "we have a lot of room for them to do it in—4,000 acres." Until April 12 the rate for Americans is $98 a week (Canadians pay $107.80); the summer rate is $79 a week, and the spring-vacation rate for college students is $12 a day, three in a room. "Guests won't be able to spend any extra money," Butlin said, "except in the stores or in the bars, of which we shall have several." Vacation Village, which Butlin built from scratch on an island inhabited only by natives, will eventually accommodate 2,000 people at a time. Many vacationers will come *en bloc*, sponsored by industries. General Electric is sending 300 down to Butlin's on February 7. It was Butlin's idea to get as close to the United States as possible with a vacation package plan that would appeal to the broadest cross-section of the population. "We're hitting for the middle-income group," he said, "which I know forms 50 per cent of the population of your country. We can't take 'em all you know."

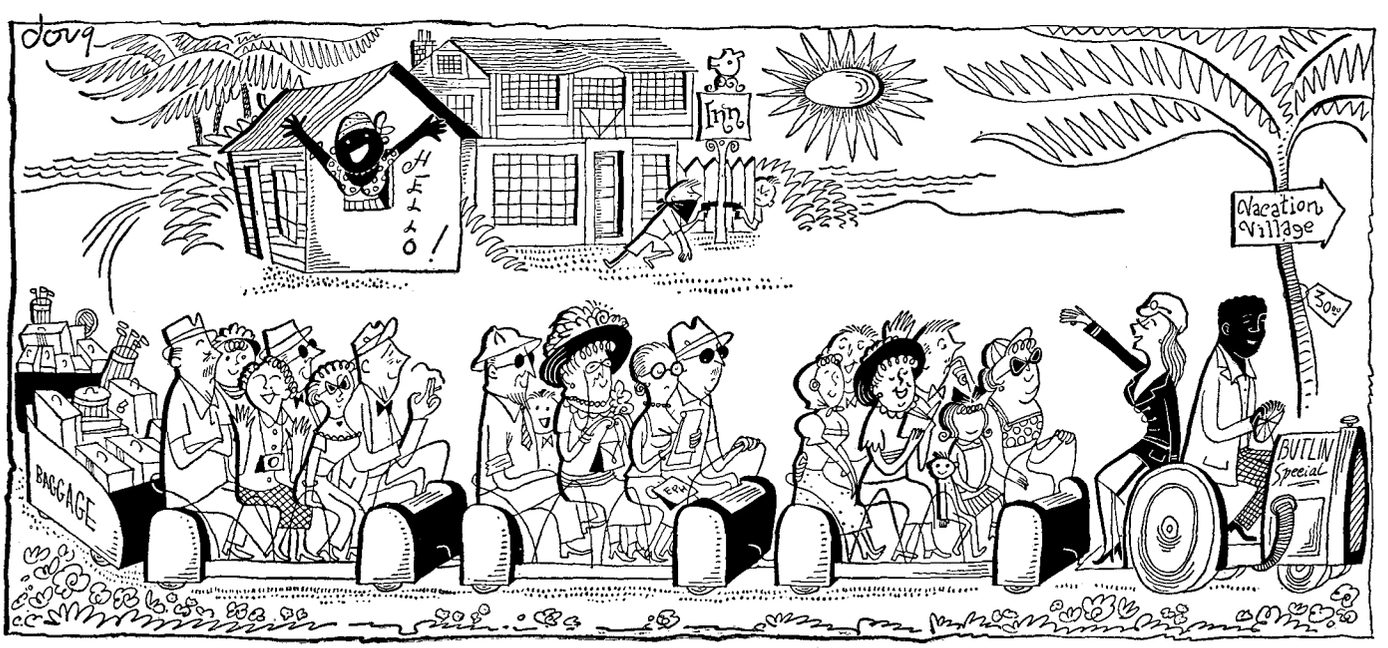
Planes will fly from New York direct to Grand Bahama, and planes and boats will cross from West Palm Beach. He thought it possible, he said, that the proximity of Vacation Village to Nassau might incur some competition. "However, I have taken the precaution," he explained, "of buying Nassau's best hotel [Fort Montagu Beach] first."

Billy Butlin stepped down from the chair and said, "My life has been spent dealing in pleasure, and getting some of it myself, thank God! I hope to see you all at Grand Bahama."

Honestly, you could have knocked us over with a palm frond when two weeks later we found in our mail an advice to pack our swim suit and fly down for a preview peek at Butlin's. We were hip deep in other projects at the time and so passed the invitation along to our agent, whose name is not Stanley, but Eloise Perry Hazard of this magazine. Her notes, stained with sun-tan oil, scribbled on the back of a January menu of the Trocadero in Havana, have just reached us. As well as we can decipher them, they say:

Saturday morning woke to brisk, bright Manhattan world. Boarded Resort Airlines ("Fly with the Seasons") DC-3 at Newark. Chilled posing for cliché gangway shots. Finally shed coat at Pinehurst, where picked up host, L. S. Burwell, Resort's impresario. More picture-taking at gangplank. A round of Dramamine for me and seatmates. Serene trip. Pondered high beauty rate of pilots, stewards, camerawomen. Two of latter aboard. Three dozen press representatives and travel agents on whole not as pretty. Down at Miami for clearance from USA. Usual gangplank camera shots. Shed suit coat. Fifty-eight-minute flight to Nassau in dark (no pictures). Steward handed out Mae Wests and lectured briefly on use. One girl said she didn't understand instructions. Steward thought she was joking. Subject not resumed. Very black over ocean. Handed a planter's punch as stepped off plane at Nassau. Not my drink. Bitter. Whisked through customs, to Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, to room, to hotel's seasonal Jungle Club opening on nearby lagoon. Wonderful food. Good native floor show. However, unfortunate Hollywood and Broadway overtones. Outsize moon, blazing sky, tender air.

Sunday activities optional. Took sightseeing trip through Nassau. Fell madly in love with natives (tar-black, dignified, sweet, inhumanly po-



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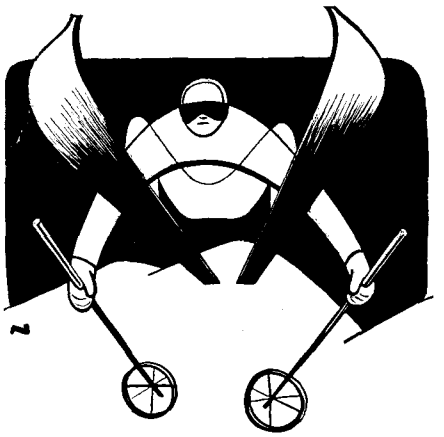

lite), with landscape (palms, cottonwood, pastel plaster houses and hotels, including our shell-pink delovely, de luxe Montagu), and with seascape (a chromo of aqua- and ultra-marine — you don't *believe* the colors). Stopped at really swank country club for drink. Stopped at Dirty Dick's for drink. Not so swank. Swam. Sunbathed. Ate. Sang. Danced. Shopped Monday early. Exchange favorable for perfume, china, gloves, tweeds, etc., etc.

Down on Grand Bahama air-strip at lunchtime. Usual debarking pictures. Red Coats out in full force, male and female. British accents rending the air. Quarter-mile trip from air-field aboard Butlin special—a miniature, carnival-colored, tractor-drawn, open-air train. Bahaman engineer decked out in Stateside yellow-checkered trousers. Except for one woman shrieking, "Hello, honeybunches! How are you, honeybunches?," goggled by dusky shovel-leaners all along route. Project must have lost 2,200 man-hours' labor during press visit. Served excellent five-course lunch in dining-hall. Too many calories for cruisers, but anyone following Butlin activities program better not hold back. Made post-luncheon inspection trip. Pretty, long-legged, red-headed Red Coat guide. All girl Red Coats pretty. They come also in other lengths and with blonde or brunette hair.

Saw blooming desert being blasted out of coral rock. Building lumber of indigenous pine, none less than 600 years old. Remarked that trees were already at least a century and a half old when Columbus stopped in the Bahamas on his way to discover America. Nobody interested. Learned the palm trees had been imported at $30 each; luxuriant grass only a week old; profusion of flowers and bright, off-color pink, green, yellow, blue paint are Butlin trademarks. British children played gangster under our feet. Swimming pool, made to American competition specifications, completed but dry. Twelve-foot wooden water-wheel being installed inside half-finished replica of an English pub, "Ye Olde Pig and Whistle." Bahaman bar nearing completion. Two other bars not even half built. Assured by Miss Red Head that they, as well as the not-then-completed administration building, convention hall, theatre, shopping arcade, and ballroom, would be in operation on opening day, Jan. 28. Seemed likely only if workers could be animated like a film run at high speed.

Newsmen roused to "Sensational!," "Biggest thing that's hit the U.S. in years," "Never anything like it in resort business" on return flight to Nassau (after picture-taking) for press conference with Mr. Butlin. Interview elicited such give-and-take as: "When do you expect the village will be completed?" "I should say in about forty or fifty years' time"; "How many people are working on the construction project?" "We're paying 1,350—1,100 of them natives—, but about half of them seem to be working"; "What type of American do you expect to attract to Vacation Village?" "The 49,000,000 who net $5,000 (after taxes)."

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

WORLD SKI BOOK, edited by Frank Elkins and Frank Harper. Longmans, Green. $5. Probably the biggest, most inclusive book on skiing ever published. It contains, on the practical side, a complete directory of resorts—650 of them—all over the world. And while you're on your way to Cortina d'Ampezzo or Lake Placid you can read a short ski story by Hemingway, a treatise on their particular methods by proponents of the Arlberg Technique, the French Method, the Swiss School, and the system practised by the Norwegians. There are sections on racing, jumping, and cross-country skiing, all by the foremost exponents of the trade. Besides a record section, you'll also find a bit on ski stamps.

LONDON, by Robert Henrey. Dutton. $5. During the Battle of Britain in 1940 *The New York Post* kept a box score of the number of days the isles were under attack. "This is the twenty-seventh day of the Battle of Britain," the squib would read, "and Britain is bloody but unbowed." The notation was a mere statistic to most people in the sanctuary of the United States. Just how bloody Britain really became is artfully described here by Mrs. Henrey (she writes under her husband's name). High explosive bombs, floating land mines, and V-2's so changed the face of London that it is necessary to take a new inventory of the city. This Mrs. Henrey accomplishes in thoroughly readable fashion, most of the time providing a factual background of the bombing of an old landmark or an ancient quarter, including the type of the explosive, the date it fell, and the effect of its detonation on the local Londoners. There is much here about which American veterans of the Battle of Britain will enjoy reminiscing. Phyllis Ginger seems to establish the sprightly tenor of the text with bright water colors of London that—were it not for extracting them from their rightful place—would be perfect to frame.

NEW ORLEANS, by Stuart M. Lynn. Hastings House. $7.50. Every Sunday for ten years, sun permitting, Mr. Lynn trotted around New Orleans with his camera. His picture study of the city, which he says is one of the three in existence, has been completed and published just in time for this Mardi Gras. The photographs are classified by type — architecture, courtyards, and patios, ironwork and cemeteries. Perhaps because he took his pictures on Sundays Mr. Lynn's album fails to reflect the spirit of the city. The architectural section in particular could very well be part of a real-estate agent's catalogue. When Mr. Lynn opened his lens there were few people around. Still there is interest in seeing famous old Antoine's, O'Hara's Snuff Factory, the house where Andrew Jackson and Jean Lafitte met to map plans for the battle of New Orleans. The captions are generous, and become, in fact, a sort of guide to the city itself.

—H. S.

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NEW ADVENTURE

A NEW form of adventure in reading is emerging rapidly for the older boys and girls. Mystery stories and Westerns are being relegated to the background as they seek and eagerly read what we now call science fiction. A year ago it was a highly specialized part of their book world, found mostly in magazines. Today it is in such great demand that the timely article in *SRL* December 24 is surely only a forerunner of a long series of reviews and bibliographies that will come as this new interest mounts and spreads. The 1950 edition of the annual list, "Books for Young People," published by the Office of School Work of the New York Public Library, adds science fiction to its other headings in one of the most stimulating, even exciting, bibliographies it has ever published. The science fiction list is short, as it should be while this specialized field is in its infancy. It will more than probably be longer next year as scientists, creative writers, and publishers realize the intense curiosity that space ships, rockets, and atomic research have aroused. It is a challenge to scientists who can write from experience, to authors of adventure stories, and to publishing houses.

The note of adventure is struck again in the New York Public Library list when, in its little foreword, it quotes the words of Albert Schweitzer: "In helpfulness to others, every man can find on his own doorstep adventures for the soul." We believe that Joseph Gollomb's biography of Dr. Schweitzer is one of the most inspiring books for older boys and girls that has been published for a long, long time. Reading the true story of a living man, they will see, as only the young mind can see, that there is still adventure to be sought and found in both the spiritual and the physical world.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: Genius in the Jungle. By Joseph Gollomb. New York: The Vanguard Press. 249 pp. $2.75.

IT IS SELDOM that a biographer has a person so gifted, so varied, so truly great in vision and character as the subject of this fine book. The story of Albert Schweitzer's life lifts the spirit of everyone, young or old, who reads it. Joseph Gollomb tells it very well indeed. The greater part of it is laid in the jungle of West Africa, but Albert Schweitzer the musician, the minister, and the philosopher emerge, as well as the physician. The childhood in the little Alsatian town of Gunsbach shows clearly the influences that formed the mind and spirit of a man who has been called by his contemporaries "the greatest man on earth."

Over here in America most people knew very little about Dr. Schweitzer until he came here in the summer of 1949 to speak at the two hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth. And yet the newspaper reporters who met his ship in New York treated him "with respect verging on awe." Listening as they do to the news of the world, they recognized what he meant to the countries that his genius had touched. The African saga is a story of unfaltering courage and faith and an extraordinary capacity for making people like and trust him. Today the hospital at Lambarene stands as a living monument to his skill and his vision. Thousands have listened to his music and to the words in which he expresses his philosophy. Thousands have come to him maimed in mind and body and left him whole again. Long ago when someone asked him why he did not do more sightseeing in the cities whose call he had answered, he said that he would begin his sight-seeing when he was seventy-five. Not long before his seventy-fifth birthday he went back to West Africa and to his hospital. What he "sees" is beyond the vision of ordinary men. The story of his life is a moving and an inspired record.

THE LIFE OF AUDUBON. By Clyde Fisher. With a foreword by John Kieran. Illustrated with paintings and drawings by John James Audubon. New York: Harper & Bros. 76 pp. $2.50.

This is a beautiful book. The large pages are set in a particularly clear and pleasing type and every page has a black and white Audubon drawing, very well reproduced. The portrait of Audubon by his sons is reproduced in color on the back of the jacket and there are twelve reproductions in full color of his paintings. One wonders that this book could be made for such a moderate price.

In his foreword John Kieran says: "This is a story of adventure and misfortune and courage and final accomplishment, rich with the outdoor tang that might be expected when Clyde Fisher sat himself down to tell the tale of John James Audubon." As the story unfolds, both Audubon and Clyde Fisher emerge as characters. Their devotion to, and their delight in, the world of Nature makes them kindred souls, although one became an artist and the other a scientist. The book is written especially for young people but there is no one, young or old, who will not find it rewarding.

WANDA GAG: The Story of an Artist. By Alma Scott. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 235 pp. $3.

Alma Scott is a schoolmate and a lifelong friend of Wanda Gág. She tells this story from an intimate perspective and with the consent and cooperation of the artist herself. It is the story of an artist who refused to compromise, who kept her vision and her attainment clear and clean through the hardest kind of personal and economic difficulties. No one who saw Wanda Gág can ever forget her —her vivid and unique personality, her humor, her integrity. Success came to her slowly but she lived to know herself acknowledged by the

—From "Wanda Gág."

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art world and beloved by thousands of children, not only in America—her adopted country—but all over the civilized world. This reviewer remembers watching a French professor reading, and translating from English into French as he read, her "Millions of Cats" to a class of international students in Geneva before the Second World War. They were fascinated by the rhythm of the words and by the strong, humorous black and white drawings. Many of the drawings are reproduced in this biography. They will live as long as the printed page

exists. One cannot imagine a child's library without them.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF SWEDEN. By Frederic C. Nano. Portraits of the Nations Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 116 pp. $2.50.

It is good to have a well-planned and well-written story of Sweden for young people. Mr. Nano, who is now a citizen of the United States, draws first a word picture of his country as it is today—the different provinces, the people, the industries. Then he goes back to tell the history of Sweden, bringing it up, step by step, to today. In his chapter "The Swedes at Work and Play" he quotes from the diary of a young American who visited Sweden in the summer of 1948. This record will especially interest American boys and girls. In the center of the book are some fine photographs of city and country scenes.

PEREZ THE MOUSE. Adapted from the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma. By Lady Moreton. With illustrations by George Howard Vyse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 64 pp. $1.50.

The first children's book of 1950 to appear on this reviewer's desk is a new edition of Lady Moreton's translation of the story of Perez, the famous Spanish mouse. For many years a favorite "little book" in the Children's Rooms of the New York Public Library, it was first published in England in 1915 and went out of print a number of years ago. With the same enchanting illustrations in color, it is as enticing and as satisfying as it was when it first appeared. This tale of Perez is laid in the royal palace in Madrid. It was told originally to a little King of Spain by the royal tutor, Padre Luis Coloma. It tells of Perez's friendship with "King Bubi the First" and of his adventures when the two of them visit the poor boy, Giles, and call on the Perez family, including Miss Stilton, governess to the mice children. The drawing of Miss Stilton with the spectacles on the end of her nose is a perfect picture of a mid-Victorian governess. Bound in canary-yellow cloth, with a colorful jacket, this is a rediscovered treasure for little children.

AZOR AND THE HADDOCK. By Maude Crowley. Pictures by Helen Sewell. New York: Oxford University Press. 66 pp. $2.

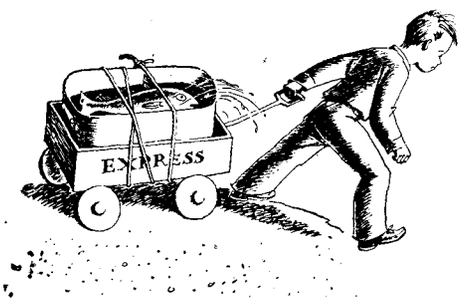
Azor is the boy who talked with animals in the first book of his adventures. In this story Azor catches a haddock on his birthday and decides to keep the fish as a pet. Although Azor lives on the coast at Marblehead, he finds it difficult to provide a home for the haddock. He tries several places and in his search gets lost in a New England coast fog. He and the haddock have a conversation which is both funny and sad. In the end Azor lets the haddock go back to his native element. Helen Sewell's drawings for this amusing tale are very funny indeed.

BETWEEN THE FOUR MOUNTAINS. By Flora Bailey. Decorations by Ralph Ray. New York: The Macmillan Co. 197 pp. $2.50.

This story is a sequel to "summer at Yellow Singer." It goes on with the adventures of Jon and Judy and their Navaho Indian friends, Kee and Neeba. The four of them are involved in the discovery of an ancient treasure in a Navaho burial cave. Life as it is really lived today in a colony of American Indians is pictured vividly in this story. It has action and interesting, believable characters.

THE LITTLE HAYMAKERS. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Grace A. Paull. New York: The Macmillan Co. 80 pp. $2.

Terry lived on a farm in Maine with his father; his mother; his brother, Robert; his sister, Eudora, and the baby, Cherry Pie. Perhaps the most exciting thing in Terry's life was his two bull calves that he was training to be useful members of the farm family. There was the annual fair, at which the bull calves failed to get a prize, there was the berry-picking and the fun at the swimming hole, where the calves proved that they could swim even better than the children. It is a quiet, natural chronicle until Miss Coatsworth's skill as a writer brings it to a really tense scene when Cherry Pie almost drowns and is saved by the steers. It is her skill, too, that brings out Terry's growth as a responsible older brother and breadwinner. This is a very good story—good to read and good to think about



—From "Azor and the Haddock."

afterward. The illustrations are in black and white and the type is large and especially clear.

AND BOTH WERE YOUNG. By Madeleine L'Engle. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. 232 pp. $2.50.

PHILIPPA HUNTER, called Flip, a fifteen-year-old American girl, feels at first desperately unhappy and "different" in an international school for girls in postwar Switzerland. Her friendship with a slightly older French boy, Paul, and the understanding of one of her teachers, who discovers in her an artistic ability, help Flip adjust herself and she becomes a more harmonious and happy girl. Flip had been shy, but she showed unusual courage in an encounter with a somber stranger and an adventuous spirit in her mysterious Sunday visits to Paul at the chateau. Young Paul was as handsome as a page in a tapestry which Flip had seen at the Metropolitan Museum but, fortunately for Flip, he was an excellent skier as well. Many things happen at the school: an intricate initiation of the new girls, a thrilling ski meet. Flip and her friends have all the qualities of real girls who can express themselves in vivid speech. The settings of the mountains and towns around Lake Geneva are real, even to the name of a famous pastry shop in Lausanne. The author has succeeded in the difficult art of writing a convincing story of a girl's inner growth in which adventure and romance are interwoven.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

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the Phoenix Nest

ROAD GANG

HERE where they came to straighten curves
They gouged the hill and bared its nerves—
Dark roots of trees whose shadows splash
Their limbs, their trucks, their tools, their trash.
Big stones roll out and rub their eyes,
Damp rocks that never saw the skies
Nor human folk, a race well known
For never letting things alone.
One needs not coat, nor vest, nor shirt
While moving rocks, while shoveling dirt.
Backs, arms, and shoulders match in shade
The bank they gouge, the sand they grade.
Through dust, and smoke, and smell of tar
A flivver takes things as they are:
Goes sidewise, wobbles, limps, and jumps,
Along the ruts, across the bumps.
Ahead, its concrete new and dry,
The highway reaching for the sky.

—ISRAEL NEWMAN.

* * *

HAIR RIBBONS FROM AUNT MOLLIE

Some things from our childhood are consciously remembered and some things never forgotten. I must have been about five years old when my mother took me to the Beth David Hospital so my tonsils could be removed, and on the day I was to come home Aunt Mollie brought me two red silk hair ribbons.

No doll, no toy, no shared adventure ever had again the significance of those hair ribbons. Perhaps because they were the first I ever had. Perhaps because Aunt Mollie's oldest daughter, my Cousin Anna, who seemed very beautiful to me and was three years older than I, always wore her hair with two long braids on her shoulders and the ends tied with ribbons.

My hair was short and cut Buster Brown style, but somehow when Aunt Mollie brought me the ribbons it was as if from that moment on I would look exactly like my Cousin Anna.

I remember back to that day . . . there must have been incidents and conversation between the time I left the hospital with my mother until later that same day when I went outside to play, wearing the ribbons, but those are forgotten or so heavily shadowed that they do not come to mind.

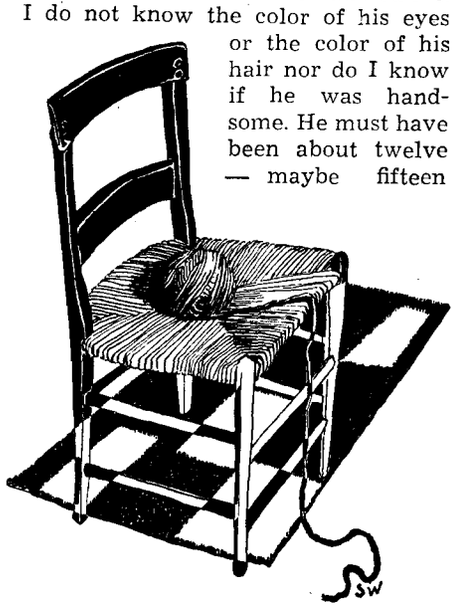
Usually I played on Henry Street, where we lived. But this day I turned the corner and walked on East Broadway. And my hair ribbons were noticed—tied on top of my head since I didn't have braids. A girl, somewhat older than I, came and put her arm around me and walked me over to a stoop where some boys were playing. She told me to wait for her and soon she came back with three of the boys . . .

Two of the boys walked at my left and the girl and another boy were at my right and this was a proud and beautiful thing to happen to me. We walked this way for about half a block when suddenly the girl started running. The boys left too, running with her. Instinctively I put my hand to my head, but the ribbons were gone.

And I walked by myself and cried. Not only for the loss of the ribbons but the betrayal and the loss of friendship and because no longer could I look like my Cousin Anna and what would I tell my mother, and what would I tell Aunt Mollie . . .

My footsteps were slow as I walked back to my house, but when I came to the corner that turned back to Henry Street, remembering the pride and happiness with which I had turned this same corner such a short time ago, I could not bear it and sat down at the curbstone and cried.

And then he came. His name I do not know. If this were a story he might have come on a fine white horse and worn a coat of armor. Or fifteen years later he could have married me. I do not know the color of his eyes or the color of his hair nor do I know if he was handsome. He must have been about twelve — maybe fifteen years old. But he sat down on the curb with me and he wiped my eyes with his handkerchief and he talked to me. And I learned about betrayal and friendship and money all in one day. Because he told me that if he had money he would buy me a new hair ribbon, maybe three hair ribbons, all different colors and one of them would be gold. And he told me I wasn't to cry any more because he knew when I got older I would have lots of hair ribbons. Then he picked me up, put me on his shoulders and walked to my house and all the kids thought it was wonderful and the hair ribbon didn't seem so important. After all, no one had ever carried my Cousin Anna home on his shoulders.



—HANNAH KAHN.

* * *

Purple, red, and golden cypripedia to T. S. Eliot for "The Cocktail Party!" The same to Cathleen Nesbitt (a Mrs. Shuttlethwaite I now cannot do without!), Irene Worth, and supremely Alec Guinness. A gentleman much more versed than I in the theatre thought the play — on reading, not viewing—completely "phony." I cannot share his opinion. I found it—on viewing, not reading—a civilized delight. Of course I think to have that lovely Celia crucified *next an ant hill* is a bit of sadism that even the great Durante (not Jimmy, it was Dante's real name) never surpassed, and boy what a sadist was he! Ants were not the answer for Celia, as she said herself. (The best ant poem, by the way, was written by the late Tom Daly about a little Italian girl and one of the formicoidea. "Ah formica, you have found Giuseppina!") What a *Briton* is Tom Eliot of Mo., but how *benevolent*, for the most part! I think the best poetry in the play was written by Mr. Shelley, and I think my top enjoyment was to hear Guinness suddenly come out with "The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child, Met his own image walking in the garden. . . ." Shelley touched Shakespeare there! But I think Eliot's theory of how to write poetic drama quite sound, only that in the first act even my rather good ear could not distinguish any rhythm of poetry. But the writing is of great distinction. Theory and practice often confound each other. How fascinating to those with imagination is the idea of someone who will set everything right (merely the idea of God, after all!). Both Barrie and Barry tried it, and does anyone recall Charles Rann Kennedy's rather obnoxious servant in the house? Patmore's angel in the house is better. And I hear that Derek, the great Coventry's great grandson, has a biography of said g. g. coming out!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 829

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

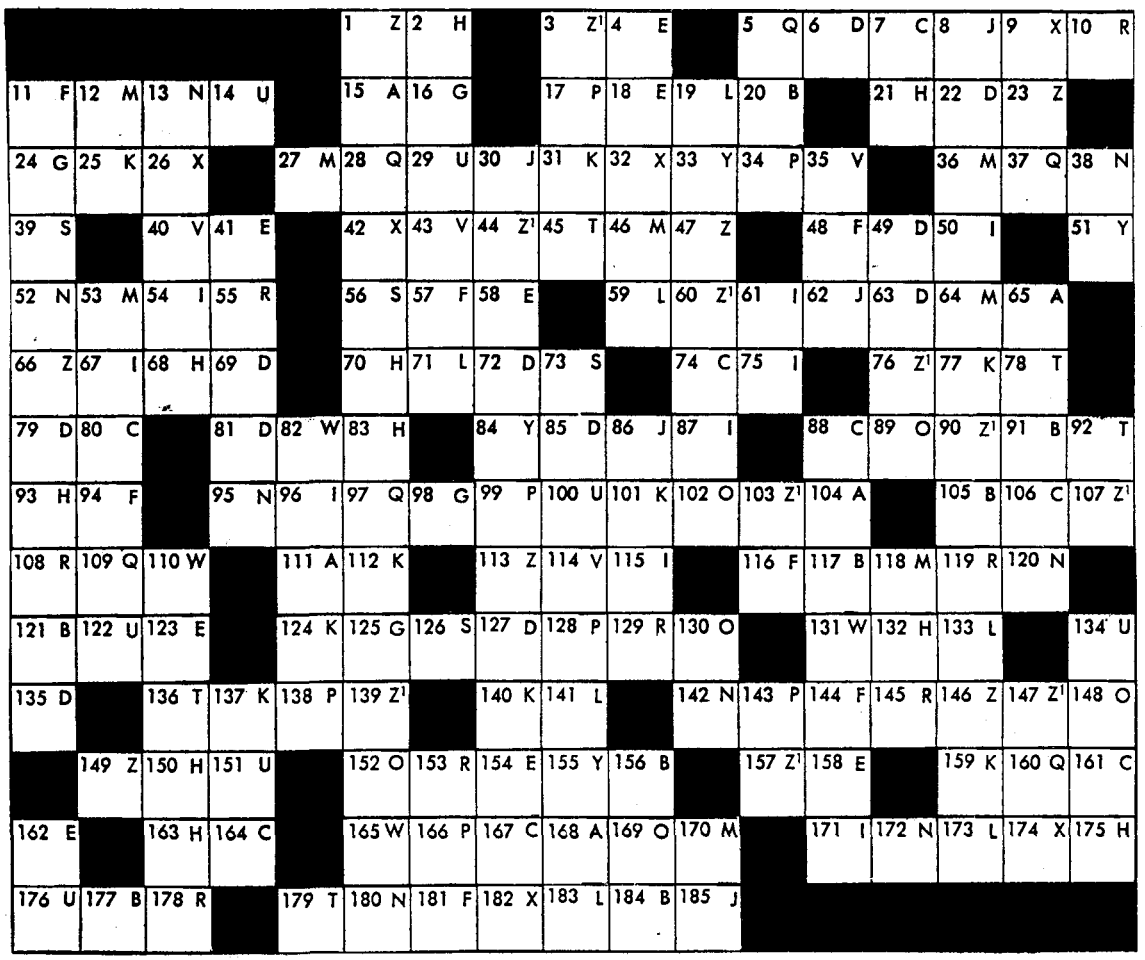
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Italian composer, twenty operas and many church works (1667-1740).	104 168 15 65 111
B. Intermittently (3 wds.).	117 91 121 156 177 20 184 105
C. Repeated stroke and noise of something long and loose (comp.; var. sp.).	164 167 74 7 80 161 106 88
D. London Stock Exchange (with "Street").	69 22 127 135 63 6 79 72 81 85 49
E. To lose one's voice (3 wds.).	4 58 18 154 123 158 162 41
F. American poet, fiancée of Poe, to whom he wrote the second "To Helen."	116 57 11 94 144 48 181
G. King of Greece, 1832-62.	24 98 125 16
H. The finest white Burgundy wine (from the vineyard).	175 163 150 21 132 68 93 70 83 2
I. Pertaining to the descendants of Esau south of the Dead Sea (Bib.).	115 50 61 171 54 87 96 75 67
J. The south wind.	185 8 30 62 86
K. Poetical name for Ireland.	140 112 77 101 124 159 31 137 25
L. Unaffected naturalness.	141 19 183 173 133 59 71
M. One whose emotions are easily moved (colloq.).	27 64 170 53 12 36 46 118
N. To continue, as a note, into the succeeding beat or measure (2 wds.; music).	95 38 13 120 172 52 180 142
O. Evolves; elicits.	89 152 169 102 148 130
P. Large river in S. America.	143 17 128 34 166 138 99
Q. Opera by Charpentier, 1900.	109 37 160 5 97 28
R. System of calisthenics, named for French founder.	55 108 119 10 145 153 178 129
S. Food, esp. bread (Eng. slang.).	56 126 39 73
T. An anesthetic associated with W. T. G. Morton, of Boston.	78 179 45 92 136
U. Becomes enraged (2 wds.).	29 122 176 134 100 14 151
V. Nonsense; trash (British slang).	35 40 43 114
W. Polish-born American Yiddish novelist and playwright (1880-).	131 110 165 82
X. Made disordered; puttered.	32 174 9 182 42 26
Y. Queen of the Netherlands, 1879-90.	33 84 155 51
Z. French portrait painter to Peter the Great (1685-1766).	146 149 66 113 1 23 47
Z¹. "Comrade," used by the Communists (Russian sp.).	44 76 107 103 90 3 157 139 147 60

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 21 of this issue.

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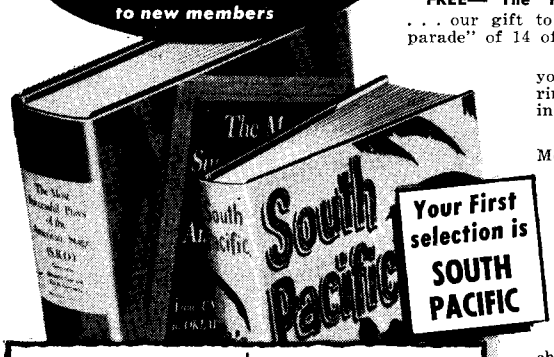

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